Two Graves,

Or, The Blue and The Gray,

and other Poems.

Thomas Moore Kenny.

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Two Graves,

Or: The Blue and The Gray,

and other Poems,

by

Thomas Moore Kenny.

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TWO GRAVES,

Or: The Blue and The Gray,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

Dedication.

And thou, O Menotomy*—
Where saw I first the light of day,
What shall I say of thee?
Thy hills and dales the Pilgrim trod;
Seemingly forsaken, still trusted they—God;
Broke, first, the shackles would them bind,
Then freedom preached, for all of humankind.
No honor thine, to give me birth;
Among thy sons, one only, of lesser worth,
Creditor art thou, and I thy debtor!
Nor shall I strive the debt to pay,
Save in this humble way.
Thrice twenty years, Menotomy, have flown—
Accounting from mine natal morn,
And thou art wondrous grown.
Yet, ('tis pleasant so to dream)
Still, in my mind, I seem
To hear, loud and clear,
The clarion voice of Paul Revere,
(As in my youth methought I heard it)
As thro' thy streets he galloped on
From Charlestown to Lexington.
They failed him not—thy Minute Men;
Nor yet again, in 'Sixty-one,
The war-drum called thy sons in vain.
"Of this world's goods, little do I possess,"
And, reckoning with Fame, still less;

Yet will I say, richer far am I
Than some who would poor me decry,
Remembering I my heritage.
Permeate thy air with liberty,
This, this is the debt I owe, Menotomy,
That thou didst plant, deep and sure—
In my young heart, with every breath I drew,
Love of country! strong, and to endure.
So cradled, when Sumter fell;
"Old Glory"—the flag of Bunker Hill,
Trailed in the dust; no true son of thine
Menotomy, could idly stand; supine,
While others nobly wrought;
Neither credit I myself, but thee—
Who wert my teacher, loved Menotomy,
It came to pass that I should bear
In that dread hour, an humble share.
And should it be of mine some word
Have other hearts inspired—
Lovers of liberty;
The inspiration's thine! not mine;
Of thee was I so taught.

* * * *

Beloved, in bidding thee farewell,
I do not say "Remember me,"
That would indeed be vanity;
I only ask—albeit an absent one—
That I may say, "Menotomy, I am thy son."

*Indian name of Arlington, Mass., (formerly West Cambridge,)

Two Graves,

Or: The Blue and the Gray.

NOTE: The poem is supposed to tell the story of the Civil War, from start to finish: of the sacrifice of life and property; the preservation of the Union, and the reunion of the North and South.

Never heer'd 'bout thet scout, you say,
An' how I come to settle here'n old Verginny?
Le'see, Jim, haven't seen you since '64
I reck'n; twenty year, or more.
Lot o' changes since then, ol' man,
Some, p'raps, so startlin', one can
Hardly 'spect such things could be;
Yet, who's to question, when He do so decree?
One o' the hap'nin's, Jim, was that scout,
Or what come of it, an' no doubt
You'll say—when I tell the 'sequence,
Strange indeed, th' ways o' Providence.
You an' I, Jim, was boys t'gether—
Down'n ol' Maine; an', I take it, w'ether
We was good boys or bad, no matter now,
Be it, Jim? All we wants t' know is, how
An' what kind o' men we be, you an' I,
An' when we does a thing, t' know the reason why.
But 'bout that scout.
Y'r know, Jim, when Sheridan started out
T' jine Grant, way down below thar,
Some o' the boys was left to take care
O' ole Mosby; for, as we use' t' say

"When the cats away the mice 'll play."
More like a flea? Well, I guess you're right,
One minute here, an' next out o' sight,
That was ol' Mosby, you kin bet.
An' here's his health, Jim. Will you wet?
That's right, ol' man. No ill will now,
Let by-gones be by-gones, an', seein' as how
He blow'd me some good, (*she* knows)
I'll gin him another—an' here goes!

Well, Jim, as I was sayin',
After Phil was off, a few of us was stayin'
'Bout here (sort o' grievin', too,
Playin' home-guard, an' nuthin much t' do,
'Cept watchin them g'rillers) when one day
In come a scout, ridin' as if—was t' pay.
We know'd suthin was up, an' twant long
'Fore "Boots an' Saddles" blow'd; clear an' strong.
You know'd little Harry, Jim? an' his horn?
Jim, he lies over thar; 'mong that 'ar corn.
We laid him yonder, Jim—she and I.
He was a good boy, was Harry, an—
I say, ol' man, don't cry!
Le's hope as how he hears us, up yonder,
Talkin' 'bout him. Is he an angel now, I wonder.
If he be, an' I reck'n he mus' be, Jim,
Ol' Gabrell 'll have to hustle to beat *him*.
Well, you know'd the boys, Jim, an' you know
Didn't take long t' git in line, after that blow.
We was layin' over yonder, t'other side o' peak
(Ol' Loudon, y'r know) an' near "Old Union" creek,

An', from what the scout said, soon l'arned
Ther'd likely be a scrimmage; an' I'll be durned
If we wa'nt glad. An' so we said;
But, Jim, some as said so, are now dead.

We p'inted this way, on startin', for Snicker's Gap,
Throwin' out scouts—so's to git in no trap—
An', movin' quick, got thar 'bout dark.
Hear *her* movin' in thar, Jim? Hark!
That 'ar branch rattlin' gainst the glass?
Right. Well, we reached the pass
'Bout dusk, an' then went slow,
As we know'd them g'rillers—if they'd a show—
Would catch us nappin'; an' then
They know'd the country better'n our men,
An' somehow had a way o' bringin' a man down
'Fore we knew thar was ary one aroun.'
So—still keepin' a sharp lookout
For fear they might be somewhar' about,
We come humpin' along down the hill
Till pretty well o' this side, an' still
We saw no sign o' ary Johnny Reb;
But, bless you, Jim, no more don't that fly,
Bus'n 'bout that web.
The ol' spider was thar, Jim, layin' low
An' waitin' for *his* fly, like that one; jus' so.
Was best off, too, bein' out o' sight,
Spos'n he wanted t' run, or show fight.
But our Cap'n was no fool; you know that, Jim,
So, ol' "Mose" might set his trap an' be durned to him.
Mighty close shave tho'—for some—

An' no knowin' who'd gone t' kingdom come
If ther'd been a leetle less light up thar;
An' ole Sol has my thankee for that, I sw'ar.
Any how, the "Johnnies" kep' pretty shady,
Seein' twas light, an' we ready;
Ay, an' willin' too, if they'd come close;
Ready, Jim, for better or worse
Should be a sojer's motto;
We'll all agree to that, fren' or foe.

Spinnin' too long a yarn, I reck'n,
But with *you* here, Jim, mem'ries quicken
As if 'twas only yesterday; an' we
Again in the saddle, an' gay an' free
As when I swung that blade!
An' now—I'm fifty-three.
That's not old? Well, p'raps not,
Yet, 'long o' marchin', wet 'n dry, cold 'n hot,
I mus' say I don't feel quite so frisky now
As I did then; an' Jim, you must allow
We're both git'n along on ther down grade,
Altho', trust'n in the Great Cap'n, no more afraid
Than when we followed that sojerin' trade.
Off ther track again, Jim, with that yarn.
Did yer notice—as yer come by, that ol' barn?
Up thar, I mean, 'long side that clump o' bushes.
Well, we'd reached 'bout thar, when out rushes
Them ar "Johnnies"—pell-mell, with that yell
Or 'hoop they al'us give, puttin' one in mind o'—
Or pack o' Satan's imps, an' then,
Z-zip, z-zip, came th' bullets 'mong our men.

Two Graves.

We didn't run, Jim, you bet; but jus' turned in
An' give 'em shot for shot;
An' goin' in t' win
As we al'us did—if we had a show.
The "boys" could fight, Jim, as you know.
'Twas nip'n tuck then, for awhile,
But fin'ly they scooted, an' for mor'n a mile
We foller'd—keep'n up a runnin' fight,
Till they got clean off an' out o' sight.
Fought all 'long by here, an', when we come back,
Thar lay the boys—both sides, all 'long ther track.
Little brother Harry, as I said, lies over thar,
Was one as fell, an' I declar
Jim, ther boys was sorry for him as ary one;
Such a manly little feller, an' full o' fun
In camp, or on ther march, as he could stick,
An' altho' only a boy, a reg'lar brick
When it come ter fightin'; an I vow—
Say, Jim, did yer hear *her* movin', jus' now?
Guess I'll talk a leetle low, Jim, for fear
She might hear what we're talkin' 'bout, out here.
Whisper, Jim. 'Longside o' Harry thar, an' dead,
Lay one o' 'tother chaps; shot thro' ther head.
Thar we foun' *her* too, Jim, kneelin'
By his side, an' callin, an' weepin', an' callin'
On him ter answer; t' speak to her, she said,
Only for once. How could he, Jim? an' he dead.
So we tol' her, Jim, but 'twant no use,
She still kep' callin', til' (a sort o' ruse
For movin' *her*) we said we'd bring him here;
An did; an' laid him yonder thar.

She was his sister, Jim, it 'peared,
An' the way she took on, we ruther feared
She mought lose her mind; go mad, y'r know;
An' so ol' "Sawbones" tol' her, but 'twant no go,
As she 'lowed she'd stay thar, an' did stay,
Until we buried him, at break o' day—
An' Harry too, down'n ther field yonder.
Are they comrades now, I wonder?

You know how I loved that boy, Jim;
Thar was only two of us—me'n him,
After father'n mother died; an' then
Come th' war; th' call for men.
Harry was only a boy then, but when I 'listed
Said he'd go, too; an' altho' at first I 'sisted
He ought to stay home, begged so hard
I fin'ly give in. Was that right, ol' pard?
Think so? Well, so did I, then,
But, Jim, boys is boys, an' men—men;
An', some how or other, I of'n wonder
Why I was left, an' he—yonder!
Fortun' o' war? Yes, so they say—
Them as 'scapes, but what o' the dead, pray?
Fell'n a good cause? Ay, so'd the "Rebs," too,
'Cordin' to *them;* an' jus' as proud to wear
The Gray, as we the Blue.
I say that, Jim, 'cause I want t' feel
I bears no grudge when I come t' kneel
By them graves—hers an' mine—
Where flowers bloom an' intertwine
Just th' same, Jim, as if both boys fought
For what *we* b'leeve was just, an' right.

Two Graves.

An' so I left him here, my boy, Harry.
As you know, Jim, sojers cannot tarry
When duty calls, for dead or livin',
An' even then, Jim, *she* wuz so forgivin'
As t' promise no harm should come
T' Harry's grave, 'till I could take him home.
Forgivin', did I say? Ay, noble we're told, are those
Who, in thar own, take heed o' others woes.
I thought so then, Jim, an' think so now,
An' that, Jim, I may say, is how—
Thinkin' 'bout Harry so much, thought o' her, too,
If her's was Gray, an' mine Blue;
Till—well, I might as well own up, Jim,
I come t' think as much 'bout *her*, as him.
Yes, she struck me a heap, as you says,
Had so much o' sense, an' winnin' ways,
(Qualeties bound ter 'tract 'tention from a man)
That, ther more thought I, "I'll win yer, if I can."
Was a kind o' romance 'bout it, too,
She bein' o' th' Gray, an' I th' Blue,
An' not 'zactly romance, but ruther,
(Seein' 'twas thro' us she'd lost her brother)
A sort o' 'sponsibility, y'r know
To do what I could to soften *that* blow.
Not many as thought that, y'er say?
Well, thar was some as did, an' after that 'fray
I knows I did, for one, an' Jim,
As each on us has ter ans'er ter Him,
When conscience 'forms me what is right,
I do it. Thankee, Jim, I know'd *you* would, on sight.

When ther war closed, our boys marched out
As they marched in—full o' hurray an' shout.
Not all, tho', Jim, for some was thar
As tempered vict'ry with tears, an' pray'r;
Tears for th' dead, an' pray'r for the livin';
Pray'r that vict'ry *might* prove a blessin'.
Moralizin'? Well, I reck'n yer right,
An' I'll try, as ther boys say, t' expedite.
Yet, Jim, like th' prolog' in th' play,
Guess I better tell what *she* had t' say,
As that'll serve th' better to explain
Why, bein' here, I chose to remain.
She said, Jim, that after her brother was gone,
She only thought, at first, t' weep an' mourn
For her lost one, until at last
They might meet again, all sorrow past.
Said they'd know'd little o' the world
An' cared still less;
They had each other, an' that was happiness.
As for fortun', she said, what matter?
Love took no note o' riches, 'cept t' scatter
At ther feet o' love; nor stopped to reason
Much o' earth, who deemed their earth a heaven.
So they'd lived, till war come, in peace;
An' then came death; an' deep distress.
We o' the North, she said, when the war closed,
Was welcomed as victors, with loud applause.
Home, to us, meant plenty, peace, 'n love,
An' people tried how best their love to prove.
Some Northern homes desolate? Yes, I know,
But here, where all hearts was bleedin', a gen'ral woe.

The rich made poor, an' poor far poorer still,
No trumpets rung for them, an' chill
Indeed, the welcome home
Where all is poverty, an' gloom.

I tol' her, when I come, 'twas 'count o' brother;
That it made no dif'rence to me, whether
'Twas here, or thar, as I was all alone,
No folks to speak on—no home,
An' that, Jim, seemed to bring us close together.
Her brother lay over yonder, so did mine,
A kindred sympathy, an' so, a common shrine.
No hate e'er bides where pity lives,
An' love, they say, "first pities, then forgives."
Seein' she was in need, I made a 'scuse
O' remainin' near by, by most any sort o' ruse
I could think of; nor did *she* dream
That such a 'scuse was other than 't did seem.
Told her, Harry's remains couldn't be moved til' spring;
Lack o' transportation; most anything
So 'twould serve to keep—
Right you are, Jim, I was in 'bout knee deep.
Lucky for her, p'raps, I did stay,
Else *he* might a had *his* way,
An'—who's he, did yer say?
One o' them chaps we read 'bout in books,
As thinks all a woman wants is money, or good looks.
Character? Lor' bless you, Jim, had none;
Thought he had *her* there—under his thumb.
Had a mor'gage, y'r see, on this 'ere place,

Thought to jine her, too, in his embrace
By tellin' her he'd have her, or foreclose!
That's the way he took, Jim, to propose.

What could she do. Slaves was all away,
An', as she raised nothin', couldn't pay.
He was a sojer too, so they say.
I doubts it, sojers don't act that way!
I was stayin', them days, thar by the wood,
Use' to come over, too, 'bout as of'n as I could—
'Thout 'tract'n too much notice,
So, thinkin' something was up, some hocus pokis,
(She 'peared so onhappy like, an' distressed)
At last I vent'red to suggest
As I could be o' any use, I was ready.
Told her, Jim, 'twas on account o' Harry.
She told me, then, what it were;
Why that 'ar chap wanted ter marry her,
An', Jim, next time he come t' make a move,
He foun' he'd caught a hawk,
Whar he tho't to trap a dove.
That's 'bout the whole story, Jim,
For, as she was 'greed, I soon fixed *him*,
Mor'gage an' all; an' then—say, Jim,
When we buried them boys yonder,
Who'd tho't they would prove love's harb'nger?
Yet so it was, an' wife an' I, kneelin' thar,
Seem t' feel their presence near;
Present, Jim, an' hand in hand,
Blessin' us, an' our dear land.

* * * * *

So was the story told—and then—
Methought I heard a whispered, sweet "Amen,"
And turning, saw 'twas *she*—
She of whom he'd spoke so tenderly,
And by her side, (within a haloed ray)
Two boys, one dressed in Blue, the other Gray.
No other word she spoke, nor yet did they;
But with a loving smile, a sweet caress,
So sweet, so full of tenderness
None other but an angel might possess,
They stood, while unseen host sang, far above
"Whom He chasteneth, He doth love."

Three Ships.

NOTE: The Maryland Colony was founded at St. Marys, in March, 1634; the destruction of the tea ship Peggy Stewart took place in the harbor of Annapolis in October, 1774. In the poem (in its figurative sense) the voyage of the Ark and the Dove is illustrative of the religious trials and persecutions through which the colonists passed, to the proclamation of Religious Liberty, on May 1, 1649: the voyage of the Peggy Stewart, the attempt on the part of Great Britain to override the political rights of the people—"spurning the wave" of the colonists' wrath until buried in the storm so aroused—and the attainment of Civil Liberty.

Two ships sail o'er the sea,
Over the sea and bay,
And brave the men, the women strong,
Who sing of peace and liberty.
Brave of heart, of word and deed
And strong of faith, a creed
Of love is theirs,
And the work that is sought,
And the work that is wrought
In His name is done,
So freely gives of His benison.
From Mary's land to Mary's land
Over the sea they sail,
With straining eyes and anxious hearts
For the realm beyond the veil;
Over the sea, over the sea
The good ships Ark and Dove,
Their "pillar of cloud" their trust in God,
Their "pillar of fire" His love,

To Him their prayer holds wind and wave
In the hollow of His hand,
That He will good deliv'rance make
And bring them safe to land.
Over the sea, over the sea
While the Storm King rides at will;
While the troubled waters heed His word
Who bade them "Peace, be still!"
On and on o'er the ocean's deep
While the stars change one by one,
And thrice the night orb runs her course
Ere the far off haven's won:
The hand of faith upon the helm,
The star of hope the beacon bright,
On, to the shore whence sprung the word
Shed far abroad a glorious light.

And the work was sought
And the work was wrought—
Freedom to worship God—
Is the fairest flower that ever bloomed
In the land of the golden rod.

* * * * * * *

And many years were come and gone
Since those ships had crossed the sea;
Since the cry, "Land, ho!" brought tears of joy
To that goodly company;
The Ark and Dove had passed away,
But not forgot were they,
When another ship (of gallant air)
Came sailing o'er sea and bay.

And cheeks were paled,
And faint hearts quailed
In the realm of Terra Mariæ,
For the work *she* sought
(Thank God! ne'er wrought)
Presaged of tyranny.

Over the sea, over the sea
With the southwind's fitful breath;
Now, bellying full in the freshened breeze
Her white wings flecked the foam beneath;
While the storm is gath'ring thick and fast,
Now, on o'er the tempest wave,
Spurning at morn the embrace
At eve is her last resting place.
For helm and sail do nought avail
In the storm besets her path
For the Storm King rides is a People's pride,
And the storm their mighty wrath.

And the work was sought
And the work was wrought—
A Nation's liberty—shall stand
While lives, by birth or free acclaim,
A son of Maryland.

Comradeship.

Dedicated to the Union Veterans of Maryland.

In comradeship, with story, jest and merry song,
Happily, now, the hour we speed along.
In comradeship, just as of old,
When—assembled round the camp-fire, we told
Of marches, battles, hopes, and fears,
Mingled our laughter, and our tears.
In life's decline, in spirit are we boys once more
E'er while we meet; gladdening—as of yore,
Each heart despondent, with words of cheer.
Boys? They called us "boys," around this board are met;
"Boys in Blue;" are any would forget?
The lines are deep, across the furrowed brow,
And locks are gray, but all our hearts, I trow
No older grown; so, boys we'll ever be (in sobriquet)
Till the last "Boy in Blue" has passed away.
Not long have we to wait for "taps" to sound,
Time, and Death, still make their "Grand Round;"
But, until death come, this then the countersign
(A comrade's pledge) "To Auld Lang Syne!"
"With charity for all, malice to none,"
As comrades, and comrades only, known,
(To rank no precedence, for rank's sake alone)
We meet, to honor give, praise where praise is due—
A soldier's recompense, to all who wore "the Blue."
With kindly thought for one-time foe,

Comradeship.

Brothers we, full of the tender after-glow
Born of comradeship; of hearts endeared;
Hearts ever faithful, wherein are reared
Altars pure as of virgin gold; nor base alloy
The brightness mars, and death alone, destroy.
Fraternity—true comradeship, the base,
Charity the die, the capstone—Loyalty, in place,
At such an alar are we met once more,
(A remnant to the host has gone before)
That once again we fealty may declare
To yon loved flag! Old Glory, waving there;
Comrade to Comrade, to pledge anew
A comrade's friendship; tried, and true.
Friendship; Comradeship. Ah, who can tell
Of the courage given, the responsive thrill
Awakes his soul when the glint of steel
Affrights the eye, or the shriek of shell
Sings in his ear a requiem wild—
The soldier lad from home beguiled;
Beguiled, mayhap, by dreams of fame,
Who ne'er hath breathed the battle's flame;
Who hears the "z-zip" of the rifle ball,
Beholds his comrades round him fall;
Whose soul grows faint with the sight of blood—
Tinging the green of the furrowed sod;
Whose heart-strings tug within his breast
E'en while he leaps o'er the bastion's crest!
"Conscience," 'tis said, "makes cowards of us all."
No coward he, who knows that he may fall,
That death is near; yet who, for honor strikes a blow,
And fearing, his fear doth overthrow.

Comradeship.

In this doth comradeship bear its part;
A touch of the elbow, heart to heart.
'Tis born, with the glance of a kindly eye,
Of the grasp of a hand, a sympathizing sigh.
Born, of the battle's din; of dangers dire;
On the picket line; round the bivouac fire.
Born, but not to die, within his breast,
Till he sinks to sleep, in his final rest.
Distant from home, from all of home's embrace,
Who filled then a wife's? a mother's place?
Wounded; dying; with fevered lip,
From whose canteen the refreshing sip?
Hungered, trudging thro' mud, or blinding dust,
Whence came the share of a proffered crust?
Whose was the helping hand? the shoulders broad
Two muskets bore? a double load.
To the foeman's arm would strike him down,
Who then didst interpose his own?
And when came death—last scene of all,
The flag so loved his funeral pall,
Silently, reverently the corse they bore,
(Oft shrouded in haste for the far-off shore)
With loving hands didst turn the sod,
Nor yet ashamed of tears were shed.
No surpliced priest, or choir, to there intone
Some service grand; nor sculptured stone
To mark the spot whereon he fought, and fell.
His comrades whispered, "We loved him well."
Mayhap, a farewell shot was heard,
Or bugle's note, or song of woodland bird
Piping his song to the Prince of Peace;

Telling, perchance, of a soul's release.
Such was the burial. Was then their duty done—
His comrades? Or, was it but begun?
Through the years the answer comes,
From widowed hearts, and orphaned homes;
From cherished memories, e'en now aflame
When heard some well beloved name.
The duty done? 'Tis duty, not alone to grieve
For comrades gone before; but, so to live,
That, in honoring them, the world may recognize
As well their worth; their noble sacrifice.
Though it were meet, they need no stone
Whereon to tell of deeds were done;
Whoe'er so died, well didst perform their part,
Their epitaph, graved deep, lives in a Nation's heart!

L'ENVOI.

Comrades, the meridian of our lives is past;
The flood has turned, the ebb-tide running fast.
Who, among all gathered here
Shall pledge his presence, next year?
And yet, it is not ours to mourn,
We who (humbly we say it) have borne,
On land or sea, as best we could, some part
In scenes have made our country great;
Have lived, to see each star restored
To our loved flag; at home, abroad,
In the far-off islands of the sea
To see it gleam—emblem of liberty;
A sign to Man—whate'er his race, or clime,
Of freedom guardant; of peace, the oriflamme.

Love's Entreaty.

(From the Prose of Grace Aguilar.)

Through the vast realms of formless space
Sounds the Omnific Word,
And darkness, chaos, rent in twain,
Reveal'd the work of God.
He spake. Around the new-born globe
Angelic hosts do throng;
The golden harps proclaim His praise
In one triumphant song.
Hierarch and Seraph—radiant winged—
As bursts the glorious sight,
Behold the world from Heaven upheld
By chains of diamond light,
While from within the inmost veil
Where none might dare to tread,
Is heard again th' Eternal Word—
"'Tis Good!" of Him who made.
"Let us make Man!" Again He spake
And lo the courts throughout
Celestial myriads in song their joy
And adoration shout.
But hush! Prostrate before the Throne
Three glorious spirits meet:
Justice—suppliant—Peace and Truth
Bent low, a boon entreat.
"Create him not! Life shadowed o'er
By foul deceit shall be!"

So speaketh Truth—whose crystal spear
Bids trembling falsehood flee—
While Justice—cast in sterner mold,
With hauberk, helm and sword—
"Create him not! wouldst arrogate
The Vengeance of his Lord!"
And Peace—whose meek expressive orbs
Are dimmed in prescient thought—
Beheld his name outcast of Earth
"Father, create him not?"
Thus spake "The Favoured Three" and then
A solemn stillness reigned;
Th' effulgent piercing thro' the veil
Is paled, nor glory deigned,
While wond'ring Hierarchs, listening,
Await the answering Word
Decrees the world unknown of Man,
Or Man his Maker; God.
And hope seem'd dead; when from afar
A star resplendent grew
Till in "The Presence" Love appeared
And kindled hope anew.
"All hail! All hail!" from every rank,
In confidence, and joy;
The love-lit eyes keep pace with song,
Nor need a word employ.
Spirit of Love! Thou best beloved
Of all th' angelic host!
Thou guardian essence of the whole,
Speak thou! or Man is lost!
He nears the veil, and bending low

Love's Entreaty.

The soft, sweet tone is heard
Through regions of unmeasured space—
"Create him, Father! Lord!
To love and be beloved create,
What matter if he err?
Thy love is greater than his sin!
Thy pardon, greater far!"
Burst thro' the veil th' assenting sign,
The thousand ranks of Heaven,
While myriad voices rend the air
As Man to Earth is given,
And Truth and Justice, Peace doth join
To swell the thrilling strain—
Let Man be made! God reigns o'er all!
Amen! Amen! Amen!

Baltimore, Nov. 25, 1894.

The Silent Army.

(Dedicated to Comrades who fell in battle, or perished in the line of duty.)

Along the Avenue of Fame—builded to honor them—
So pure, ornate, and yet, so simple in its majesty
That, instinctively, one could but feel
For such a setting, rare must the jewel be;
While yet the sun was high o'erhead,
Glinting with its rays the burnished steel;
Erewhile the thousands lined the way
Whose every voice rang out a welcoming,
I saw them pass; a glorious pageantry.

Music was playing; banners were flying,
And yet, beside *their faces*, seared and seamed;
Beside some old and tattered battle flag,
All else seemed naught.
Some too, were scarred; and maimed.
Not all—however hardly did they try,
Could march erect; and some an empty sleeve
Did'st wear; aye, proudly wore,
Nor needed else, to guerdon their bravery.

Shoulder to shoulder they marched;
Elbow to elbow—as of old,
Those "Boys in Blue," hearts of gold,
While cheer after cheer—echoing wide,
Told of a peoples love: and pride.

Ah, who, to see them, would not cheer?
Remembering all ; and hold them dear?
And cheers were theirs—the living, 'til,
The rear guard passed, all then was still.
* * * * * * *
Returning thence—at midnight hour,
And musing there, methinks I dreamed.
Peopling the court of honor, with silent tread
I saw them move—the Unforgotten Dead.
I saw, unheralded, hero comrades march,
And turn, and wheel, with elbow touch
As keen and conscious—to the spirit eye—
As in those days, along another way,
They side by side pressed on, to victory :
And in whose breast the sword of Death—
Their duty done, found ever-ready sheath.

Ghosts? Aye, spectres they :
Some in rags, with tattered flags
Cherished, and followed, in many a fray.
With muffled drum, see how they come!
Armed cap-a-pie, with musket, and saber,
"Ghosts of the Red-hand from over the border."
Deathless heroes. Do ye seek a name?
Mayhap 'tis 'scribed on the roll of fame.
Or mayhap, they sleep beneath some stone
Whereon is graved—a holy legend, "Unknown."
Lost in the maze of the war—blasted track,
Some are "The Boys who did not come back."

See! how they go charging ;
To the trumpet's shrill sounding,

The Silent Army.

The deep-mouthed guns pounding;
Up, Up! now, away!
Now, shattered, and broken, spreading dismay.
Musketry flashing; sabers slashing,
Wielded by loyal hands, hearts ever true;
Hark! now, the shot and shell;
Wide opes the gates of hell—
The hell of war's passion:
Seething and surging, writhing and turning
Until, at last, the "Old Flag" triumphant!
Forgotten the cost, then, in such glorious vision.

Spectres from Spectreland. Shadowy phantoms
Booted, and spurred, and riding apace;
Carbines unslinging, bugle blasts ringing;
Musketeers; cannoniers; give them a place.
The prison pen opens. Thousands on thousands,
Hollow-eyed, famine crazed. God! what a sight.
Were they from among us—these tatterdemalions?
Can these be our boys, went forth in their might?
Soldiers? Heroes? These in rags?
Glorified rags! and hallowed flags.
Spectres from Deadland, ghosts of the red-hand,
Ghosts of the red-hand from over the border.
Who would not honor them?
Who would not cheer for them?
Who dares now to gibe at them?
Passing away in the shades of the night.

Paddy Hines' Breeches.

NOTE : A fire occurred one day in 1876, in the camp of a company of the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, stationed at Columbia, S. C. Private Hines' blanket and a pair of his trousers were burned up, and a Board of Survey, finding the fire was an accident, ordered that the loss should be made good to him—a free issue. The post commander approved the finding of the Board, and Pat received the articles. The department commander disapproved, and then began a lengthy controversy, only ended by an Act of Congress relieving the Q. M. General from the charge upon his department. "Sunset" Cox, in offering the Bill in the House, made one of his characteristic humorous speeches. The proceedings all through is said to have cost the Government about $1,000.

On an unlucky day in the year 'seventy-six,
Privet Hines found himself in an iligant fix ;
Minus blanket an' breeches by the fiery iliment.
"By th' pow'rs," says Paddy, "I'll charge thim to guv'mint."

A boord of sarvay (at someone's suggestion)
Convaned on the scene ov poor Pat's disolation ;
Accordin' to order, they assimbled and ponder'd,
Veni, vidi an' vici, they kem, saw, an' conquer'd.

They questioned bowld Hines, an' this one an' that,
Overhauled rigulations for their final fiat ;
Their vardict—like most ov thim found now-a-days,
"Accidintal," ov coorse—where nobody pays.

A blanket an' breeches for Paddy was order'd,
Nor stopped they to think ov Uncle Sam bother'd ;
In dollars an' cints they fix'd up the totals,
Sint in their repoort, an' retired on their laurels.

Paddy Hines' Breeches.

They wor done now wid Paddy, but alas for the breeches,
Sittin' Bull an' his thribe, wid their war 'hoops an' scraches
Niver caused such a fuss; an' the trouble they gave
Whin they sed, "By yer lave
We'll giv Paddy Hines a blanket an' breeches,
To be charged not at all, but issued free gratis,"
Ne'er entered their heads; if it had I am towld
They'd have left Privet Hines jist out in the cowld.
Like many a fight, it had only begun,
Whin thought to be finished an' victhory won.
From office to office, from pillar to post,
The mighty small dockimint grew to a host.
From Captin' to Gin'ral, from him to leftinent,
Back an' forwards it flew until Paddy's garmint—
Like Brian O'Linn's, became cilibrated:
So oft on the ear ov offichils it grated.
How much paper it tuk, whether fools cap or legal,
I roightly dun'no, but 'tis sed that the total,
In dollars alone, was a thousan' one hundre,'
To straiten this very small bit ov a blunder:
The postage included ov coorse, an' expinse incidintal,
To solve *such* a problim. it could not be mintal.
From the Q. M. in gin'ral to the War Secretary,
The subject it proved to be moighty conthrary;
For a year an' a half they wor badgered an' bothered,
'Til finally (appalin' to Congress) 'twas ordered,
That the gift to one Hines be approved an' abated
On the books ov his country; at prices as stated.

So the great controvarsy was finilly ended,
An' the right ov Pat's title—rale or pretinded—
Was settled at last; an' the great systemizers
Won glory an' honor in "The Affair of the Trousers."

Non Sibi, Sed Patria.

"Who live in history, walk the earth again."—LONGFELLOW.

"We count it death to falter, not to die."
With pen aflame, long years agone,
So didst thou tell of Marathon,
Simonides, of Leuctra and Thermopylæ,
Where Sparta's heroes lie.
Nor fitter words could e'er be said
O Comrades, of thy most honored dead,
Erewhere entombed;
Who, faltering not, strove not in vain
The stars misguided hand had torn
From out the Nation's diadem;
Who fought, and fighting, fell,
And then—their duty nobly done,
Didst lay them down to rest,
Content—their sacrifice was blessed—
Of earth to win no other crown.

Comrade whose race is run,
Who gav'st thy life, but fame immortal won;
Thou who for self no honors sought,
But for thy country bravely wrought,
For duty's and for conscience' sake alone;
Who, living, nor thought possessed but for thy fellows'
meed,
Dead, be it ours to cherish and to guard
Remembrance of the life so spent,

And crown its ending with a fit reward.
Buckled thine armor bright,
Thy shield, of Faith! thy sword, the Right!
Of courage dauntless, valor's Might;
So went thou forth, full panoplied,
To grave thy name on History's page,
And, so dying, left a heritage
More pure and fair bequeathed thee,
(Redeemed the curse of slavery)
The compact sealing with thy blood,
This land for liberty! and God.

And peace doth reign.
Throughout the land is heard no more
Of War's dread din,
The cannon's deadly roar,
Alarm of drum, or trumpet blast,
To call to arms embattled host;
While over all, and by thy grace
O God—vouchsafed that peace,
Yon flag doth wave more lustrous still,
("Old Glory," loved so well)
Each star more bright, each fold more dear
As time recedes, to you my comrades,
As year by year
With feebler step and slow, ye come,
To homage those have gone before.

All honor thine O dead,
Who findeth sepulture beneath the sod
Made sacred by thy blood.
Reverently we bow, and low,

Upon each grave do humbly lay,
(Nor nobler couldst bestow)
A victor's crown.
The choicest flowers of spring,
Rich treasure of the earth we bring,
The laurel and the bay;
Bedewed with tears and fashioned fair
Of woman's loving hand,
Upon each mound from year to year
We lay the offering down,
With heart uplift in prayer.
In prayer to Thee, O God, who didst ordain
Their sacrifice was not in vain
Are so inurned;
So mourned, so honored, "so dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."
Scatter the flowers.
Let tear drops fall, in kindly showers,
Over each grave;
Forgetting not, are those who gave
Their lives as freely these ye most do seek to honor;
For whom 't does seem the sighing breeze
(To earnest heart and willing ear)
The burden of a common grief doth bear,
From fields far distant here.
For where yon flag doth show
Some soldier comrade sleeps below;
Where'er his grave, on this, Memorial Day,
Some hand, some heart, of thine a prototype,
Doth loving tribute pay.

And others too, we mourn.
Within the glade, adown the glen
Where clashed the steel of armed men ;
On mountain top, in oceans deep
They lie, whom loved ones weep,
The dead unknown.
Unknown! Ah yes, but hallowed e'er
Those nameless graves,
And to some hearts, most dear.
No graven stone O dead, is thine,
Nor legend bronze, to tell
Of how ye fought, or where ye fell :
And—save perchance of night birds' song,
The swell of ocean on the shore—
No requiem do ye hear,
Nor garland flower, or sorrow's tear,
Doth strew thy tomb.
Yet art thou not forgot ;
For these, thy comrades all, do mourn ;
For thee hath wrought
Bright chaplets of immortal green
Within each heart (albeit of men unseen)
And—incensed they of love—
On angel wings are borne above
To crown each patriot brow.

The Re-union.

Adown the years, as one by one
Some comrade loses step, and halts,
The ranks are thinner grown.
The low sad dirge, the muffled drum,

Arms reversed, and nodding sable plume;
The flag close furled, the parting knell
Of musketry—the soldiers' funeral bell—
All, all dost tell (nor need of words)
He answers there! God's muster roll.
Each day doth mark the passing
'Cross "the ford," the column quickly massing,
Over yon;
Are you ready, Comrades? Steady!
All have answered, say ye?
Forward then—Guide right!!
Oh how glorious the sight,
The re-uniting, round the throne.
And I hear again the singing
Of the grand old anthem, ringing:—

SUNG.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, so we died to make men free
And God is marching on."

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

Wanted, A Man.

"Wanted, a man."
To and fro, to and fro it swung,
Over the heads of the passing throng.
Hour after hour, day after day,
At morn, at noon, in the evening's gray;
Gently now; now, swirling around
As 'twould snap the cord that held it bound;
Tossed by the wind, it rose, and fell,
Yet ever turning—its tale to tell—
"Wanted, a man."

A simple need; yet, who will dare
The summons answer—suspended there,
When—above the earth's broad span—
The sign appears—"God wants a man,"
Answer, and say, "Lord, I am he,
The man Thou seekest; take me, take me."

'Twas an idle fancy mayhap, had told—
In a field of white and letters of gold—
A master's need;
Nor yet one word of race, or creed.

And some came; yet it swung there still,
Ever repeating its "Come, who will;"
Swinging, twirling, to and fro,
In the summers' sun, the winters' snow,

Till the once white field, dark, and dun,
And the letters of gold, one by one,
Shrank as it were from the careless glance
Of the passers by, the look askance,
Until at last—o'er the open door,
Of "Wanted, a man," no message it bore.

And then one day there came a man,
Weary and footsore, gaunt, and wan;
Hungry, thirsty, and seeking in vain
The needful pittance of earthly gain;
But the door was shut, the promise gone,
And the human tide—as he wandered on,
Gave little heed;
Of many men, he was only—a man.

God wants a man. Dost hear His call—
The Master Workman of us all?
In the sky above, the earth beneath,
The sighing wind, the lily's breath;
Over the waters, whose ebb and flow
Like a giant pulse, doth come, and go;
At morn, at eve, dost hear it still?
"Come unto Me, all ye who will!"

God's workmen all, will you not come
To gather in at the Harvest Home?
The field is white, the laborers few,
The promise golden, for me, for you:
Hour after hour, day after day—
Will you obey?

He calls. Thro' the portal, open wide,
Will you not enter, to there abide?
To work, to labor, to win the prize—
The crown of life beyond the skies?

* * * *

The sign still swings o'er the Vineyard gate,
Bidding us "Come," ere it be too late.
Come! ere the letters grow dim, and wan,
Let us enter in; God wants a man.

Chancellorsville,

Or: Flag of the Old Third Corps.

At Chancellorsville, way back in '63,
Where the Blue was led by Hooker
And the Gray fought well with Lee;
Where "Fighting Joe" first won the day—then lost;
As "Stonewall" swept thro' Howard's line
Like an avenging host;
Where meet it was that hearts as true
As the steel with which they strive
Should rally round that flag they swore
Would float while still they live!
Opposing there the Stars and Bars
(As oft opposed before)
One flag there was that steadfast shone,
Flag of the Old Third Corps.

Of all who for the Union wrought
None were more tried and true
Than the boys who wore the Diamond—[1]
The red, the white, and blue.
His boys they were at Williamsburg,
And down the bloody path
From Yorktown to the river James,
"Old Joe" had proved their worth.
He needs them now; to stay the wind
The whirlwind must oppose!
"The Old Third to the front!" he cried,

And every man uprose.
Sickles and Birney, Berry there,
And Dimmick—gallant heart—
Who fight for principle—not men, [2]
And nobly do their part.

On came their Southron foes,
With Stonewall in the van,
And pressing close on Howard's men
On—to the Rapidan.
Flushed with the pride of victory,
With the old familiar yell
As of twice ten thousand demons loosed
From out the gates of Hell;
On and on, still on they pressed
While yet before them fled
The men "who would with Siegel fight
But not where Howard led;"
On and on, thro' brake and wood
With e'er increasing roar,
Until they reach the old plank road
Where stands the Diamond Corps.

Once, twice and thrice they charge
Adown the road that day;
E'en to the mouths of Dimmick's guns, [3]
The bravest of the Gray.
Over heaps of dead and dying
On with a mighty shout—
Cries Dimmick "Double-shot with canister!"
And then—his life went out.

And with him too, alas, went Berry, [4]
As valiant hearted man
As ever wore the Diamond,
Nor yet had died in vain;
For while he lingered yet awhile
This side the other shore
He knew that all was safe—and said
"God bless you, Old Third Corps."

L'ENVOI.

"Over the river 'Stonewall' passed [5]
Under the shade to rest,"
And he who fought above the clouds [6]
Is numbered with the blest.
Across the river and over the ford
All of us soon will be,
Of the Blue who fought with Hooker,
And the Gray who wrought with Lee.
Thank God! that over the Rapidan
The flowers in peace now grow
Over the graves of brothers slain,
And know not friend from foe.
God be thanked, that from gulf to lake,
And stretched from shore to shore,
The flag of the Union floats o'er all,
Flag of the Old Third Corps.

1. The Third Corps Badge. 2. As the Eleventh Corps broke and ran, the men openly said they would fight with Siegel but not with Howard. 3. Lieut. Dimmick commanding the famous Plank-road battery. 4. General Berry of the Third Corps. 5. Stonewall Jackson's dying remark. 6. Hooker at Lookout Mountain.

My Sweetheart.

NOTE: Originally published under the caption of "Baby."

Two big, brown eyes, laughing and bright,
Shining like stars in cloudless night;
Roguish eyes, that strives to tell
Of wondrous thoughts in each cavern cell;
Eyes which ever seem to say
"I will talk to you—some day."

Two little ears—pinklined shells,
Guard the retreat where memory dwells;
Sentinels, that catch and keep
Each little word, hidden deep;
And monitors, bidding us beware
Lest aught impure find shelter there.

Two little lips coo, soft and low,
Sweet notes from out their Cupid's bow;
Lips whose kisses are sweeter far
Than comfits rare from Flora's bower;
Yet, lips that tremble, if aught distress
Baby's heart, in its tenderness.

Two little hands, upturned wide,
Baby's greeting, at eventide.
Little hands so dimpled, and warm,
And fingers clasped at the least alarm
Lest he should lose his chosen place
Next Papa's heart; in fond embrace.

My Sweetheart.

Two little feet, and tiny toes
That peep—sometimes, thro' baby's hose.
Little feet, that kick "so high,"
Trying so hard to reach the sky.
Kicks, and coos, and crows with glee;—
Two boys at play; my baby, and me.

Sweetheart, I would thine eyes shall see
Naught of life save its purity;
Would thine ears may never hear
Aught would defile thy character;
Would thy lips may ne'er express
Aught save in loving gentleness;
Would thy hands the almoner be
Of heartfelt, Christlike charity;
And at the last, I would thy feet
Shall tread, with Him, the golden street.

Armed in Conscience,

Or: Here's to a Gallant Foe.

Written for, and read by Judge George Savage at the annual banquet of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland, held at the Carrollton Hotel, January 18, 1902.

"Johnny Reb," here's to you!
Peace, health and happiness I pledge,
From an old-time "Yank," a "Boy in Blue"
Who, harking back, doth seem to hear
Even now, as then, the hearty cheer
And answering "rebel yell"—
(No wonder Sherman, after hearing it,
Should say that "war is hell!")
As strove they each for mastery,
Northern grit, and Southern chivalry.
The war is over. Who crosses blades—
An' they be manly men,
No need of words have they, to fight
Their battles o'er again;
Nor is't the time or place I ween
For me to say, what might have been.
The pledge I give—born of the battle glow,
Is this; "Here's to a gallant foe!"
*Marshall, at the tomb of Grant,
Surnamed him "Magnanimous;"
Nor need have I to be less generous
T'ward thy loved chieftain—the noble Lee,

Armed in Conscience.

Who as a man, a soldier true,
Was peer of any, "Gray," or "Blue."
He who fights can ne'er dishonored be,
Armed in conscience, and such was Lee.
So say I, "Johnny Reb," here's to you!
Peace, health and happiness,
From an old-time "Boy in Blue."

* Colonel Charles Marshall, Military Secretary of General Robert E. Lee.

The Royal Blue.

NOTE: Written on the occasion of the "Royal Blue" trip from Washington to Jersey City, October 11th, 1890, made in four hours and sixteen minutes, actual running time.

Bumper to thee, O Royal Blue!
Thy regal flight the country through!
Out from the shadow of yonder dome—
Pride of a Nation mightier than Rome;
Far from Potomac's storied stream,
Flying through space as in a dream,
Such speed as thine hath ne'er been seen
Since from hoof of Pegasus sprung Hippocrene.
On thro' Prince George's sweetest vales,
Through Howard's and Arundel's greenest dales,
On we speed, to where Patapsco tribute pays
To Chesapeake, broad spread before our gaze.
Through Harford and across the stream
Where Susquehannocks' fires were wont to gleam;
High o'er the tree tops and looking down
On fair Deposit, and Ararat—her granite crown;
Away, away o'er the Brandywine,
(While we toast thee, O steed, in juice of vine),
On to the "City of Sweet Accord"
Whence rang the tocsin allied pen and sword
To Freedom's cause, an hundred years agone;
Over the Schuylkill and 'cross the plain
Once red with blood of Hessian slain;
Across the meadow and over the ford,
(Cleaving the air like some giant bird)

Swifter, and yet far swifter still—
As harnessed ligtning to man's proud will;
On, still on with yet increasing rush and roar
Until at last we greet old Hudson's shore.
And the sun of noon beams a benison
As the goal is reached, the victory won.

Antietam.

NOTE : Maryland has erected upon the battlefield of Antietam a monument commemorating alike the valor of her sons, who fell upon either side during the engagement.

A silvery stream, and, spanning o'er
(A narrow way) a lowly arch of stone.
Deep in shade the mountain side appears;
Below, are fields of tasseled corn.
Sheep upon the up-lands graze,
Kine browse along the bottom, or,
Deep within the stream, contented stand.
Close by the bridge is seen a church—
An edifice of modest mien—
And, now and again, a sweet-voiced bell
Is heard. And all is peace.

* * * *

Peopled now are vale and hill
With threatening murmurs.
The northern slope a moving mass reveals
(Of darker hue than foliage there)[1]
And, upon the crest opposing,
Another mass; a leaden cloud which[2]
Breaks anon o'er all the plain.
A flash of light; and, quick following,
A deafening roar awakes the mountain top;
Reverberating then, and rolling on
In awe inspiring waves.
Flash upon flash; peal upon peal
Goes echoing down the vale.

Nearer the opposing clouds approach
(Darkened now the stream between)[3]
Until, in one grand, awful sound—
As hell itself were oped, and yawning—
The climax reached, all is still again,
Save that, in muffled, saddened tones,
The bell is heard ; tolling a knell.

* * * *

And yet again ; as in a dream.
The sun, high in the heavens, sheds
Its benignant rays on vale and stream.
No cloud obscures the sky, the waters
Leap and play, in joyful mood.
The ripened grain—waiting the sickle—
Welcomes the passing zephyr,
And, bending low, doth seeming bless
Its mother earth, for full, and plenty.
The song-bird whistles to its mate,
Wild-flowers lend a presence there,
Ladening the air with sweet perfume.
Anon (still in my dream I see)
High in the heavens behold a cloud!
The while I gaze, another quick appearing.
Nor threatening flash is there,
Or direful thunder tone,
Heralding such on-coming.
From the far North, from sunny South
They come (the stream flows still between)
Until, blended in one, behold a shape!
And, giving it a name, I whisper—PEACE.
Upon her head she wears a crown—

(Of five and forty stars)
Which fills the earth with radiance.
Poised in her hand a wreath, of olive,
Bay, and laurel sweet entwined,
Pine and Palmetto; golden rod.
Saw I then (and until then unseen)
A stone—it seeming spanned the stream,
And on it writ, graved by the hand of History,
"Honor to them who did as honor bade."
Upon this spot did Peace descend,
Upon the stone placed she the wreath,
And thence departed, while, not one alone,
But many bells I seemed to hear,
Telling of joyful tidings.

* * * *

Blessed be thy name O Antietam,
And thou O Maryland, blessed be,
Who since Calvert here did first proclaim
To conscience liberty!
Hath e'er maintained an honored name.
Thou giv'st them place—these shafts of stone—
But such as these are not alone
Thy monuments;—
"Womanly words, and manly deeds"
Thy 'scutcheon bears; stones are but reeds!
And, since deeds alone endure,
So shall thy action treasured be,
Transmitted still from sire to son,
To children's children given,
Living still—in unrecorded history,
When stones to dust return.

1. The Federal "Blue." 2. The Confederate "Gray." 3. With Blood.

Christ, the Pattern.

Amid a busy throng;
Within the sound of myriad wheels
Whose every turn bespoke my waking thought,
I dreamed a dream.
Besure, I saw the shuttle's bent,
"Clack-clack, clack-clack," did'st hear
The noisy passing to and fro;
But, of the pattern which it wrought,
The thousand threads so deftly wove,
The blending colors, the watchful eye and hand
Did'st guard each threatened danger,
I had no thought; save of fancy.
The workshop became a life—my life;
The loom, with all its wondrous power, my will;
Each thread some thought, or act,
From which to choose—and to me was given
To make or mar the fabric to be wrought—
The product time would'st surely bring,
And there, outstretched, the pattern hung.

The wheels revolved; the shuttle flew.
At first, not I alone, did'st guide the thread,
Nor were the colors all my choosing.
A little child was I, content, and trusting.
Another form was by, and other hand than mine
('Twas torn and scarred by cruel wounds)
Was there, and if by chance

Some thread did'st lag, or threatening, broke,
'Twas quick restored, and O, how beautiful!
But soon, I stronger grew, and then I felt,
Or seemed to feel, the hand withdrawn.
Not far howe'er; I yet the presence knew,
Was conscious—should tangled web or woof
Or colors false beset the course—
I need but ask, that hand to place in mine.
And then came pride, (O how false)
And halting, doubt, and fear.
The wheels still turned, the shuttle still did fly.
Forward, and back, forward, and back,
And with each stroke—relentless—
The pattern grew; alas, I knew not how.

Knew not? Yea, I knew 'twas ill,
Erewhile I still did weave;
Knew, that 'mongst the blending colors
Some there were of such a sombre hue,
So stained and so begrim,
Beside the pattern set they were as night
To the glory of a noonday sun.
And that was good; for, as I thought
Behold! there came a ray, a flash
Of light across my darkened sky;
Revealed once more the outstretched hand,
The form once seen, and known,
And (in my dream) a voice I heard;—
"Yet is there time; so ye believe
And trust Me still, thy work shall shine
Even as a lily on the water's brim!"

And waking, methought I saw—
Hanging o'er and lighting all the earth—
A glorious rainbow, and within, a cross.

* * * *

Yet art Thou the pattern, O Christ;
Yet is not Thy hand withdrawn;
The fabric of each life can'st woven be
Like unto Thine own.
We may not seek perfectness,
That attribute is Thine alone;
But, with Thy hand upon life's loom,
We, *as little children*, guided ever,
Tho' threads may warp, they will not break!
And in Thy time, and by Thy grace,
The pattern wove—imperfect though it be,
May find some place with Thee.
Some little, humble place, and where
It may be, angels only tread;
The fabric wrought, not fit Thy foot,
O Master Weaver! much less Thy throne;
But where Thine eye—the pitying eye
From Calvary looked down—
May sometime dwell, to claim its own.

The Eden of the Heart.

Where did the Garden of Eden lie?
With Adam's fall was it swept away
Forever thence a mystery?
Thro' the garden, did the Tigris flow
Ever onward, then as now;
Or, as some believe, was the Euphrates
The river which flowed amid its trees,
And with its song, all day long,
The music vied of the perfumed breeze?
What matters it? Have we not each within
The Voice of God? The power to sin?
Shall the higher law—infinite truth—
Ever bend to the Serpent's breath;
Impulse, not goodness, sway the will,
And base desire bid conscience e'er be still?
Forbid it, Lord! Loving, and Kind;
Merciful, that we Thy grace may find;
Pitiful, that Thou in turn shalt pity show,
We each within a garden may possess
Akin to Eden's loveliness;
Wherein the flowers, budding, shall grow
In rich abundance; their incense sweet impart
From out the garden of the heart;
And in his hand—who bids them bloom—
Shall woven be; a Heavenly crown.

Passing of the Regiment.

Baltimore—1861–1898.

Written of the march of the Sixth Massachusetts through Baltimore, on their way South, during the Spanish-American war.

Ominous sounds! The multitude,
With excited gesture and fiery tongue,
Impassioned thought and speech, unreasoned,
Hurried toward a common center.
And some went armed; and, with no
Deep imagine, mingled with the clang
Of steel was heard the duller sound
Of iron gyves, fetters which had
Clasped ere then the human form,
And burned deep into the souls of men
Moulded in the image of a common Maker.
Fierce and fiercer grew the fire,
Fanned by the breath of prejudice
And hate born of the years, of
Intemperate words, imagined wrong
And pride of section, until, o'erleaping
Reason's bounds, naught else dost
Satisfy to quench its thirst, insatiate,
Save brothers' blood.

* * * * * *

Auspicious sounds! The multitude—
A giant gathering, impatient waits.
Strong men are there, and women whose
Gay attire bespeaks a festal throng.

Passing of the Regiment.

Waiting, they speak of other days,
When, as it were, some loved one
    Gone forth from out their midst,
Was now, anon, about to come again,
To welcomed be with all which doth
    Belong to pride of home and fireside.
A mighty shout! "My Maryland" and "Dixie."
How strange, yet how more than sweet,
    From Northern pipes those notes!
And when the strains of "Yankee Doodle"
Therein do mingle, telling of how,
Long, long ago, men of Massachusetts
And of Maryland battled for freedom,
    Estranged were, and now again united,
What wonder if tears now grime
A manly cheek and voices husky grow.
    Through crowded streets they march,
And as they wheel their feet on roses tread.
No thought of fetters now, except it may be
    Bright eyes entangle with a glance
Some soldier lad, who straightway
Thinks himself at home again.
    And oh, the sentiment! There marches,
    And with no lesser welcome they,
Men of a race within whose veins
Flows blood of darkened hue, heirs
    Erewhile of Slavery's curse, but now,
Thank God, heritant of common weal,
Clad in a common garb, armed with
    A common purpose—the righting
Of a People's wrong.

Christmas, 1861.

In the early part of the late war passion was so aroused on either side that it was quite a common occurrence for the outlying pickets to shoot each other on sight. It was no better than assassination, and later grew to be so recognized. So much, in fact, did soldierly sentiment in this respect change that very often, later in the war, the pickets of the respective armies could be seen fraternizing together, more like friends than foes.

And yonder lies the Christmas morn.
The weary sentinel, pacing to and fro
His lonely beat, halts ever and anon
To catch whate'er might lie beyond
The range of vision. For the ear,
By long accustom well attuned,
Doth to the eye assistance lend,
Detecting oft approaching danger.
The moon, pale, and now and again
Obscured by passing clouds, serves but
As a treacherous friend,
Shedding but a feeble ray at best,
And, when necessity the loudest calls,
Deepening the shadows with still darker gloom;
Or (and still the simile observe) if perchance
The eye or ear doth lurking danger dread,
Then is it that a stray moonbeam
Most surely glints the shining steel—
As nothing loth a presence to betray,
And lure him on to foul destruction.
So the hour passes, and still he paces,

Silently marking the intervening time
Beyond which he may lay him down
To dream of home and loved ones.
To dream, perchance, of the loved wife
Who bade him—when drums beat to arms
And bugles rang a clarion—go forth
To fight for her and duty; of aged mother
Or darling boy—a tender stripling—
Who, with somewhat of like feeling,
E'en now dost buckle on a tiny sword
And bids defiance to maternal warning.
These are far away, to measure distance
As the crow flies, yet ever present.
In his heart he folds them close;
In his mind's vision he sees their tender glance,
And hears the cherished voices
Echoing and re-echoing his words of love.
Soon he thinks, he will be with them,
In the body, as now in spirit.
This cruel, more than fratricidal war,
Arraying father 'gainst son,
Son 'gainst father, brother 'gainst brother,
Surely, He whose birthday is the morrow
Will not long permit so foul a wrong!
And so it is his heart more lightsome grows,
His step more light, yet firm,
And his thought, thus heaven directed,
Augurs well the approaching morn.
"Mother, wife, my boy," he murmers,
"They, I know, have prayed for me this night;
Why should not I for them (humbly suppliant)
Ask of Him a blessing and protection?
Father, bless all—I love—"

* * * * * * * *

Christmas, 1861.

A shot! and all again is still.
They found him thus, they who came
To his relief—alas! too late.
When for him, his lonely vigil ended,
No trump, save that of Gabriel,
Would e'er again sound in his ear;
Nor drum. nor shrieking fife, albeit
Most pleasant music to a soldier, call.
Never again for him the battle roar
To wake a noble nature to ignoble passion,
Or rage to war with kin.
Nay, rising rather on wings of peace,
Doth not his spirit, with outstretched arms,
Hasten to meet yon heavenly throng;
To cry aloud with them, (God speed the day!)
"Peace on earth; good will to men."

Do I Love Thee?

Doth it need then, love be spoken?
Speech is silver, silence golden;
Of love the essence.
And dost thou need the weak endeavor
Of mine tongue, to so discover
Love's presence?
Nay: love needs not speech.
From the eyes, whose drooping lids
Modesty dost hide; from cheeks where, blushing,
Tell-tale roses dwell;
From the lip, whose tender quiver
Speaks for the tongue—whose vain endeavor
It knows so well;
A pressure of the hand, so soft
'Tis scarcely felt, and yet, how oft
The tale has told.
Thy instinct, love, doth tell thee,
However slight the pressure be,
The heart's not cold.
Doth it need then, love be spoken?
Ah, no; by many, many a token
Can love be known.
Heart linked to heart, by chain so golden,
No word dost need; the silence broken
By those hearts alone,
In their beating gently meeting,
Each responsive; each in fleeting,
Caught the echo, flings it back again.
Wherefore then, should love be told?
Look in mine eyes! as I thy form enfold,
And tell me, words are vain.

Like Sire, Like Son.

NOTE: Among those who fell before Santiago was a young officer—the son of a former gallant Confederate—who was slain while cheering his followers on to victory. His sword was one bequeathed him by his father.

The line had wavered, was all but lost
The vantage gained, at frightful cost,
When, springing to the front, a Southern youth,
With flashing eye, and heated breath
Cried, "Do you falter, men of the North!
Or you, proud scions of the West?
Behold this blade! so prized, so richly blest;—
'Four years, my father told me, e'er he died,
Four years I gave, with honor strove
Beneath the Stars and Bars—the flag I loved.
To you, my boy, this sword I give,
Commanding you, while life survive,
To let no stain attach to such bequest;'—
Who this blade will follow? to yonder crest!"
Outrang the swords. From West and Northmen then
Rang out the cry "Lead on! Lead on!"
And halting not, altho' a leaden rain
Laid many low—alas, that he was of the slain—
High on the crest they planted, firm and fast,
"Old Glory!" Men of the North, and West.
Reverently they bore him—their loved dead,
With saddened heart, and not ashamed of tears were shed.
With muffled drum-beat, arms reverse

Nor silken shroud, or plumed hearse;
His eulogy, a loving comrade's word;
Beneath the sod which yet did'st weep
Tears of blood, they laid him down, to sleep.
His hand still clasped the well-loved blade,
Agape the wound whence life had sped,
Yet on his lip was seen a smile,
As if, when death drew nigh erewhile,
Some voice had'st whispered in his ear
"Sleep, my boy, for I am near;"
And he—replying as he died—
"Father! art thou then satisfied?"

Boys, We Salute You!

(Tune: Marching Thro' Georgia.)

"You've had your day" so we are told,
Who dearly love to tell
Of Gettysburg and Shiloh,
Who know that "war is hell;"
But Dewey set the pace, my boy,
Joe Wheeler wasn't slow,
Chap'roning 'Teddy' at El Caney.

CHORUS.

"Hurrah!" we sang, "we bring the jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that sets you free:"—
Hark! the echo 'cross the sea
(Though not in mother tongue)
Welcome! thrice welcome! "Old Glory."

Sang of "John Brown's body" then
"Lies mould'ring in the grave;"
From the grave his spirit rose,
'Marched on' to free the slave;
And Santiago's trenches proved
They were not freed in vain:
*The '*color-line*' there was, "Old Glory."

Hobson's new, and Schley is (?) old,
But not too old to lead:
'Chips from off the block' we're told;

'The grain tells'—from the seed;
And if our sons do well, why we
Are prouder far than they;
My boy! the 'old man' salutes you.

Hail! the flag. My boy, each stripe,
Each star—was born of Heaven;
The sacred trust our fathers gave,
To you, unsullied given;
Your valor proved, we rest content,
Well spent we count our lives;—
My boy! the 'old man' salutes you.

Tho' steeped in blood each crimson stripe,
Each star the sword out-wrought,
Has ever yet in honor stood
The flag—with blessings fraught;
With val'rous hearts shall ever stand
So long as freemen live:—
My boy! the 'old man' salutes you.

For right, not might, nor conq'rors lust
Or greed thy course to mar;
Draw not thy sword save honor's mood
Shall spur thee on, to war;
And 'neath each shelt'ring fold let naught
But justice e'er abide!
My boy! the 'old man' salutes you.

So shall a nation blessed be
Whose people all are free;
Each freeman sov'reign—one in all—

To guard its destiny;
A blessing spread throughout the world,
Enlightening man for man:—
My boy! the 'old man' salutes you.

TO THE COMRADES.

Beards are growing whitened, boys,
Adown the passing years;
Miss'd the clasp of many a hand,
The smiles oft turn to tears;
We'll greet them there! the "Boys in Blue,"
Outstretched each Comrade's hand:—
Comrades! 'till then, we salute you.

*The Ninth Infantry (colored) saved the "Rough Riders" from probable defeat.

The Lady and the Lily.

There, at her feet, the lily lies;
Behind the bars, hungry, expectant,
Crouches the lion; watching with greedy eyes.
Above—unseen of all save her alone
Who sees through eyes of faith,
A glittering diadem—the martyr's crown.
The thronged arena, open to the sky,
For one brief space is strangely still
As all of Rome looks on, to see her die;
Or, the lily chosen, with wild acclaim
Bid her to live! so she shall Christ deny.
'Tis hers to choose; such is the law.
Choosing life (and the world) only to stoop has she;
With one quick bending of the knee
From off the sands to pluck the flower,
And bid to cease—for her—the lion's roar.
So young, so fair, so full of hope,
So loving, and beloved, ere then:—
O cruel hour, O fleeting time wherein
To choose. And, close beside, the lion's den.
Stainless the robe she wears: as pure
Has been her life. Shall fear of death allure?
A moment only: yet doth it suffice.
She chooses, Christ! With saintly tread
(The lily, as she walks, unconscious crushed)
She passes on, and steady on, until
Facing Cæsar, she stands. The multitude is hushed.

No word is said; no thumb is turned.
True to nature, the lion rends his prey;
Thou, O Cæsar, mad in thine impotence,
Wouldst conquer souls! Thou, a god of clay,
And only for an hour; then, hence!
Gone is the arena; Cæsar, too, gone.
Both live in history, in sculptured stone;
But, when stones shall crumble, and decay,
Then shall Christ still live! around His throne
Shall gather those who the arena trod,
Who owned Him Lord; art blest of God.

The Flag of Monterey.

NOTE: Lines attributed to John T. Gray on receiving—after the death of Major General John R. Kenly—the flag of the *Baltimore Battalion* carried in the war with Mexico, and planted in victory on the rampart of Fort Teneria, Monterey, September, 1846.

Dear old flag, I greet thee.
Thy tattered folds, each stripe, each star
Do memories recall are dearer far
All else beside—to me.
More eloquent than human tongue,
And sweeter far than e'er the Dryad sung,
Thou speak'st to me of bygone years,
Of glorious hopes and trembling fears,
And life, and death, and pitying tears.
Of camp and march, of duties done,
Of val'rous deeds, and battles won;
The living—crowned with victor's wreath;
The dead—who blessed thee with their dying breath;
Of war, and peace, the dear old home,
Thus do memories, thronging, come,
As here I stand, with bowed head,
And touch, with reverent hand, each thread
Made sacred by their blood
Who sleep beneath a foreign sod.

It matters not art rent, and torn;
Thou art to me O flag, as when, upborne
By Hart; by Kenly led—
Chivalric Watson numbered with the dead—
On El Teneria's frowning height

Thy stars appeared—a shining light—
To mark a course well run.
E'en now as then, thro' smoke and fire
I see thee mounting, higher, higher!
Mid'st hurtling shot, the shriek of shell,
Lost now to view as brave Hart fell;
Up now again, by Lennox borne
High o'er the flowering cane and corn;
Upward and onward, forward still,
Encompassed round with bristling steel;
On, and On! Teneria's flame
Lighting the path with ruddy gleam;
Onward and upward! Ever on!
Until at last—the rampart won—
Thousands of voices rend the air
To see thee proudly waving there.

Flag of Watson; Brave Bronaugh;
Of Stewart: Boyd: to Piper dear;
Tho' rent thy stripes, and torn thy stars,
Well hast thou borne thee; and in thy scars art fairer still
(To one hast loved thee long and well)
Than when—unbaptised thou of patriot blood—
On Astec plain thou bid'st thy followers on
'Gainst proud Ampudia's host; and Torrejon.
Then wert thou beautiful indeed
As some fair maid, of whom her lover's creed
Admits is none more fair;
And yet, encrimsoned by the blood of those who fell
Before Teneria's seething hell,
Thy stripes took on a richer hue,
Thy stars, engloried, brighter grew,

The Flag of Monterey.

As burst the cloud of smoke and flame
Of Victory!! thou did'st proclaim.
Nor oriflamme of France,
Opposed the tide of Austrian lance,
More proudly waved—that day—
Than thou O flag, o'er Monterey.
On Obispada's walls so gray,
The sun still casts a lingering ray.
Reflected still in San Juan's flow,
The stars of Heaven doth softly glow.
Still from above, from Ind'pendencia's height
There comes an answering gleam of light,
Anon the moon, o'er vale and stream
Its radiance sheds; like some fair dream.
Still high o'er all—a giant ward—
Sierra Madre keeps eternal guard,
While cactus' blooms and flowering vine
(Like incense from some holy shrine)
Their fragrance shed; nor seems to know
The grave of friend from that of foe.
'Tis holy ground; for there doth sleep
Those we did love, for whom we weep;
Who gavest all O flag, for thee,
Emblem of Liberty!
Nor faltered not, but followed on
To win for thee the victor's crown;
For thee O flag, did'st win a glory wreath,
For self, an honored name; and death.
Dear old flag, I love thee well;
Ever shall love thee, until Death's knell
Shall call me hence;
Living, I hail thee dearer far than all,
And dead, be thou my funeral pall.

Living for Christ.

O'er altar'd niche the jeweled cross
Reflected back a thousand rays of light;
Impassioned music filled the air,
And blending with its softer chords,
I heard the voice of garbed priest
Bidding the multitude to prayer.
Higher and higher rose the strain,
Thro' vaulted dome uprose the song
Which told of Him—the Crucified—
While to and fro the censer swung.
Anon, the priest—whose sacred robe
Nor richer gem'd than stored his mind;
Whose pitying word was yet a probe
To every wound he fain would bind—
Told of the Saviour, His life, and death,
His cruel death by Pilate's foul decree,
Until—of heartfelt agony—I cried,
"Would, O Lord, I could have died for Thee!"

* * * * * * *

The service o'er, I lingered still
Beside the hallowed shrine,
Thinking of Christ; to do His will.
I cried, "What, O Lord, would have me do;
What service, acceptable, to bring,
That I—who's death availeth naught—
Numbered may be among Thy following."
And as I looked upon the cross,

The pierced hand with nails were riven,
A low, sweet voice methought I heard—
Some angel voice, a-fresh from Heaven.
It seemed, the very lips did move;
The eyes, a loving glance bestowed;
The crown of thorns a halo shone
Filling all space:—O'ercome, to earth I bowed.
"My son, (the tone was sweeter far
Than heard beside my mother's knee)
Since not by thy death can'st thou
The Kingdom gain, live! live thou for me."

To My First Love.

(A Song.)

Softly over vale and stream
Fall the shadows—like a dream:
And lingering, catch each gleam,
Departing day;
Stars are twinkling forth their light—
Telling of the coming night—
As when we our love did plight,
Witnessing they.

Now, far from thy side I roam,
Far from childhood's happy home,
Yet will the mem'ries e'er come
At close of day;
Still art thou dear as when
O'er the hillside, through the glen,
Oft strayed we together then,
Blithesome, and gay.

What though years may come, and go?
Like the ocean's ebb and flow
Heart of mine no change shall know;
The same for aye;
Still true to thee—though distant far—
Praying, trusting, hoping e'er
That for thee no cloud shall mar
Returning day.

The Fourth of July.

Welcome to Pen-Mar!
Whose rocky mounts and sylvan shades,
    Anon resounding to the alarm of war,
Look out to-day upon yon vale—
Where sculptured stone doth tell of martial deeds *—
    So smiling fair in peace and plenty.
Here—upon their border land—
    Two sister States, each proud
In its own strength and might;
Proud in the achievements of her sons
    On land and sea, in war and peace
(Yet prouder still to own a common name)
    Are met to celebrate a Nation's birth.
A son of Penn, are you?
Or you, a son of Calvert?
Are ye not brothers all! Americans!
And if perchance from yonder dome
The Bell of Independence did first proclaim
    All men are free and equal,
Did not its echoes,
From lake to gulf, and back again,
Fill all the air with equal, gladsome strain?
Was it at Lexington, or Bunker Hill,
    On Camden's bloody field,
At Yorktown or the Valley Forge
    That freedom was attained?
Who gave the priceless boon?

The Fourth of July.

From farthest North to sunny South,
    From Western hills to Eastern slope
The answer comes—Americans!
Forgetful for a time, two flags there were
    And each did find its followers.
    And brothers fought, and fell,
And women mourned.
    Brave men were they, and honorable,
And while they fought the world in pity gazed
At strife so fratricidal.
As it must ever be, one conquered,
But straight a helping hand the victor gave
    To raise and cheer his fallen brother.
Thank God, they still were one—Americans!
And God be thanked, that with no star undimmed
The flag of Washington more lustrous grows,
    From year to year new honor gains.
Thank God, that 'neath its folds
    A nation hap'ly dwells, and shall
By His blest Providence, forevermore.

*Gettysburg. July 4, 1891.

Sound the Advance.

"Sound the retreat!"
So spake the King. From far afield
He sees the stubborn foe refuse to yield,
And glittering crests—his pride and boast—
Halt and wavering before the rival host.
"Sire?" The herald youth, his eye aflame,
Mantling his brow the flush of shame;
Who knows no fear—save of his sov'reign lord,
Daring to question look, or word:—
"Sire, they never taught me that; for France
This only did I learn—Advance!"
Outrang the blast; so wild, and shrill,
The battling ranks, in wonderment, grew still;
Then—the rallying cry "the King! the King!"
While fiercer yet the echoes ring—
A thousand eagles blaze the way
For France, and victory.

"Sound the Advance!"
O daughter of the King; O son of Him
Whose heralds are seraphs and cherubim;
If on the battle-field of life
Thou art faltering in the strife;
If doubts possess and fears assail,
And thine own courage doth thee naught avail;
Hark then the trumpet call—'twill surely sound—
"In His Name!" the watchword, the world around;

And if thou see'st thy brother fears defeat
Give thou the rallying cry—"never retreat!"
O follower of the King, the combat's here;
Overcoming, thy crown of triumph—there!
If thou with Him of victory wouldst know,
Take on His armor, 'twill conquer ev'ry foe;
The cross thy shield, faith then thy lance,
Soldier of Christ! sound the advance.

The Old Canteen.

(Tune: The Old Oaken Bucket.)

How dear to our hearts are the days of "Auld Lang Syne,"
Way back in the 'Sixties, when we were "The Boys;"
Gay, light-hearted "Boys," on the march, round the camp-fire,
Dividing our sorrows, and sharing our joys.
And now, once again, when the camp-fire is lighted,
We turn back the years that have rolled in between,
Recalling the days we marched elbow to elbow,
And drink once again from the same old canteen.

CHORUS: The old army canteen,
The rusty old canteen,
The cloth-covered canteen,
Now hangs on the wall.

We love the old scenes, ev'ry ditch by the roadside,
The hard-tack, the rail-fire our coffee did'st boil:
And even the "skippers," we do not forget them—
The "skippers" we frizzled—to sweeten the broil.
The chickens and turkeys, lamb-fries and plum puddings,
We gave them the go-by (as often as seen.)
We dined like a lord, on our bacon and bean-soup,
And a draught, sweet and pure, from the army canteen.—CHO.

The Old Canteen.

How cheerful (?) we always turned out in the morning,
At guard-mount and drill we were always on hand.
We polished our shoes, we brightened our buttons,
And the way we "policed," why it just "beat the band!"
We loved (?) all the Gen'rals, the Colonels and Cap'ns,
"Old Saw-Bones"—God bless 'em, who gave us quinine:
When our rations fell short, the cook got a cussing,
But always a blessing, the old army canteen.
CHO.

The musket, now rusty, the grimy old saber,
The knapsack and canteen is hung on the wall;
They're useless, they tell us, who know not their story,
The story lies deep in our hearts, one and all.
The story, we tell it, nor can we forget it,
When gathered, as now, round the camp-fire's bright sheen;
While we drink to the health of our comrades, and brothers,
A toast—sweet and loving, "The Army Canteen."—CHO.

Like leaves of the forest our comrades are falling,
The half-masted flag often tells the sad tale,
As "taps" sweetly echoes, the notes e'er resounding
O'er mountain and hill-top, thro' murmuring vale.
And soon the last one—some dearly loved comrade,
Will pass on beyond—to where lies the "Unseen,"
Who e'er he may be, round our camp-fire assembled,
We pledge the last drop in our loved old canteen.—CHO.

The Battle of Life.

Yonder lies the grave; 'tween life, and death,
Time, and eternity, man's feeble breath.
The battle of life! What of the combat,
And who the victor, when man doth yield,
As yield he must—to Death, the field?
Who is the conqueror? Nor length of days,
Nor worldly fame, or riches, e'er betrays,
For these are naught; and can it be
A moldy grave so shrines a victory?
What cometh then? what gone before
O impotent! so quick bereft of seeming power.
Doth so believe? O wretched life
Were quenched at last in such ignoble strife.
God tells us life is not a fleeting breath;
Man lives, and living, conquers Death.

There is a conflict. Is there a middle road
Which one may choose—'tween self, and God?
Evil and good between, the false and true,
Must not the line be drawn—for me? for you?
God made the darkness, and the light;
Is aught between the day, and night?
A middle road! Who sought to tread
In such a way—'tween man, and God;
Judged not (albeit a ruler) yet still agreed
In place of justice, mockery! for law, a creed!
So Pilate stood. Cans't thou,

Or would'st thou pluck from off His brow
The crown of thorns for thee He wore—
    If so thou couldst—this very hour?
Thou cans't not. And yet to thee
Some part is given in that great tragedy.
    'Tis thine to grieve, 'tis thine to joy;
To grieve, with Him, o'er man's employ
Of God's best gifts for self alone,
And joy, believing, "Thou, Jesus, cans't atone."

God's word is not a wish, a hope;
'Tis truth, and life, nor need we grope
    In darkness. As good doth evil shun,
Seek ye Light! the battle's all but won.
Wouldst thou a teacher? Art young, or old,
Or wise or foolish, yet cans't thou be told
Whereof 'tis good to know; a lesson to bestow
    Mayhap, on those less learned than thou,
And who perchance, doth look to thee
As one most wise; and, should it be,
    Should it be *thou* hast mistaken been:—
Wouldst thou a teacher? Take Him!
He alone who hath the battle fought,
    And conquering, set death at naught.
Then, and not till then, thoul't see
"Death hath no sting, the grave no victory."

Our Fallen Comrades.

(Response to Toast.)

The years have come, and gone.
So, too, our comrades, one by one,
Fall by the wayside,
Their earthly journey run.
The ranks grow thinner, here,
As, ever and anon, over some new made grave,
We shed a manly tear.
Dushane, Wilson, Howard, Allard there,
Graham and Bride—the other shore;
Burns, Rigby, Watkins, Adreon,
Tyler and Wallace, Denison,
(Methinks I hear their voices ring again)
Prentice, Dodge, Kenly!—noble soul;
So swells Death's muster roll.
One by one, and year by year,
"Old Glory" shrouding the bier;
With arms reversed; the muffled drum;
So are they borne unto their rest
To sleep till angel trumpet blast
Shall call them—Home.
Our comrades.
Who will give them meed of praise?
Is it yon stone we seek to raise?
'Twill tell perchance where once they stood,
Stemming the tide of battle flood;
Aye; mark perchance upon yon field

Where they might die, but never yield.
And yet, all this were vain ; apart ;
To portraiture the patriot heart.
For marble bold, nor blazoned gold,
Historic pen, in prose or rhyme
Could justice mete to such a theme.
The chiseled stone, tho' sculptured fair,
Is cold; and of the life, the hopes lie buried there,
Can at the best but tell
That on some day he fought, and fell,
Who sleeps beneath,
Tho' crowned mayhap, with victor's wreath.
Each shaft, its finger reared against the sky,
Dost tell how brave men dared to die ;
And so, their story's told.
Comrades, tho' fitting 'tis that monuments of stone
Should'st tell of deeds of valor done,
Yet do stones crumble, lines decay,
Of earth, earthy, fade soon away.
Born of the blood of patriot sires,
Graved by Him who e'er inspires
Man's noblest deeds ;
Thy most enduring tablature shall be
Thy sons! to whom thou teachest Loyalty,
Fraternity of heart and Charity of soul,
And who in turn, while ages roll,
To sons of sons transmit the holy fire
Served thy arm to nerve ; thy heart inspire.
Thus will thy patriotism find fit reward,
In countless freemen—praise be God,
Shall ever bless thy name.

The Banged Cob,

Or: Pegasus Unwinged.

In a mining camp her dad slung gin,
While her mother she took washing in;
They dished, and slung, and washed and wrung,
While Mary Jane banged her hair and sung
"I'm tired of camp, the Heathen Chinee,
Heigho, for a man to marry me,
Of the airystockracee."

She banged and she sung until one day
Her lover "struck tin" and then away
Flew Mary Jane, her bangs and all,
And sot herself down near old Pall Mall;
With a silver mine for her pass-key
They welcomed her into societee,
The Hinglish 'stockracee.

She drank champagne and London fizz,
And all the time with an eye to 'bis,
Her weather eye was on gay Paree,
Says Mary Jane "There's no flies on me;"
With her silver stock and banged hair
She set the pace for Vanity Fair,
For the dude a'stockracee.

With dukes, and lords, and ladies gay,
She dined all night and slept all day;
In Rotten Row did bow, and smile,
Drove a four-in-hand, and set the style
By banging her horses, tail and mane—
To match her hair, did Mary Jane,
Of the shoddy 'stockracee.

They joined the train of the "Silver Queen,"
The dudes, and snobs, and the horse marine;
They sawed and clipped, some short, some long,
Till horsehair cushions sold for a song;
Till on parade one could only see
From Kensington to Piccadillee
A dock-tail cavallerie.

The price of "clips" went up with a jerk,
And the "My turn next" cost many a perk;
The poor old nags might groan in pain,
The horse-doctor swore by Mary Jane;
Clipped, and sawed in fiendish glee,
Smothered his conscience with a fee;
The "blawsted" veterinaree.

And that is the way the "Hinglish" cob,
Became the fashion with every snob;
The Old Nick was in it, don't you see,
And sooner or later he'll get all three—
The doctor, dude, and shoddy Marie,
And the re-tailed nag will neigh with glee,
As they waltz down to Hade."

The Wanderer's Return.

(Founded on "Under Two Flags.")

Across old Neptune's wide domain
The good ship wends her way;
While anxious hearts and straining eyes, in vain
Have throbbed and watched this many a day.
Storm after storm, storm after storm—
Like some dread demon who no mercy hath,
Her shattered spars and battered form
Full witness give, have met her on her path.

Still, in spite of renten sail and shattered mast,
The stout old hulk hath bravely sped;
Each day to port still nearer than the last,
And hopes revive, t'were all but dead.
The staunch old tars, whom superstition e'er enfold,
Again their quaint old songs doth sing;
E'en grumbling Jonah (whom all ships hold)
Gives way at last, and makes the welkin ring.

And nearer still, and yet more near.
Ha! what is that? Yes; it is the land.
"Land ho!" from masthead; and a joyous cheer
From passengers and crew, and hand clasps hand.
Aye, all are glad save one alone,
'Midst storm or sunshine, still the same;
Unaltered brow, or eye, or tone;
No home, no friends, no hopes, no name?

The question put, "A passenger," he said.
"From whence?" "From everywhere," reply;
When others wept, no tear he shed;
All else had prayed whilst he stood calmly by.
Didst question him, he gazed, no more;
Nor answered he; save bow of head;
'Twas gravely done, and so they soon forebore
Their questioning, and from his presence fled.

And then, as storm succeeded storm,
They looked on him with superstitious dread;
The anxious mother to her trembling form
Pressed closer still her darling's precious head.
And some there were who e'en averred
That t'was the Evil one himself on board;
Or yet the "Flying Dutchman,"
Whose minds with tales of him were stored.

A grave, stern man, whose countenance
Bespoke the dweller in an Eastern clime;
An eye, whose piercing glance
Spake not of joys, nor yet of crime.
His hair, now slightly tinged with gray,
Told of raven blackness in time of yore;
Upon his stalwart form in shining folds it lay,
Seemingly proud of the ownership it bore.

So, day by day, until at last,
That first, glad shout foretold of home;
Of kindred, friends, who in the past
They left behind, in other lands to roam.
Forgotten now, the tempest blast,
Which well had played its part;
Brightest of all sunshine reigned at last—
The sunshine of the heart.

The Wanderer's Return.

Forgotten now, by all around him there,
With firm, unwearied step, the deck he trod;
No cry of welcome to greet him, where
The past lies buried, as under the sod.
Forgotten. The word, by chance was spoke,
Falls on his ear like death knell tone;
He starts, as thus on the air it broke,
And echoed it softly, with low, sad moan.

"And can it be, there are others, too,
Forgotten, like I, midst the busy throng;
Mayhap, like I, a victim through
Another's false and guilty tongue?
Shall honor still forbid the speech
Would clear of guilt a tarnished name?
Or yet, still stand i' the deadly breach
And die, as I've lived, forever the same?"

I heard no more, yet caught the gleam
Of a struggling soul for peace and right;
The eye grew moist, and a tender beam
Shone in the stead of its wonted light.
As I saw him mix with the common herd,
A noble still, whate'er his lot,
My heart was strangely, deeply stirred,
And I kept repeating, "Forgot, forgot."

I hear him still, in the silent night;
With no one near, I see his form;
Still witness the struggle 'tween might and right,
And honor still triumphs, through calm and storm,
Go on, proud heart; thy time shall come;
God still lives, though justice flies;
Through trials borne the victory's won;
The body may perish, the soul ne'er dies.

The Luray Caves.

NOTE: Shenandoah, in the Indian tongue, signifies the Daughter of Stars.

Out from Hillen, while the ascending sun
Marks but a space of his journey run;
Over the mountains, and winding down,
Speeds our iron steed into Hagerstown.
Through the valley—"The Daughter of Stars"—
Where was wont to gleam the Stars and Bars;
Over the river and through the dell
Where brave men fought, and heroes fell;
Without thought mayhap, of that terrible fray
When Sheridan rode to save the day,
Our peaceful party entered Luray.
  Ay; peaceful now, that vale of tears,
  As changed the sword for the reapers' shears;
  The upturned sod conceals no foe,
  But from every hillock the harvest glow.
  All around and about, a nation at rest;
  Peace, plenty, happiness; a home of the blest.
  This what we saw on that bright June day
  When, over the mountains, far away,
  Our peaceful party entered Luray.
In passing, we gazed on scenes that mark
A nation's history; glorious, lustrous, sad, and dark;
Of which the pen, in rhyme and prose
Curdles the blood, or warms it, as it flows;
Of savage days, when the white man's tread
Echoed not oft through wood or glade;
Days when, Colonial rights denied,

Uprose a nation, in strength and pride.
Of this we thought, on that bright June day
When, over the mountains, far away,
Our peaceful party entered Luray.
Climbing the ridge, and looking down,
Fair Cumberland vale; hamlet, and town.
Antietam there, a city of the dead,
And Pack Horse Ford, where Lee *once fled.
Where Susquehannocks and Catawbas, thrice fifty years ago
Flashed tomahawk and scalping knife—a bloody foe.
Where Ramsay, on fair Potomac's stream
First showed the world a vessel drawn by steam.
Of this we thought, that bright June day
When, over the mountains, far away,
Our peaceful party entered Luray.
Where Gates and Lee once lived and toiled;
Where Stephens, honored, honor soiled;
The Harewood House, where Madison did wed;
Where Brown, of Ossawatomie, unhap'ly died;
The Greenway Court of Fairfax' days,
And memorable, as "Washington's surveys;"
Morgan's "Saratoga," (of 'prisoned Hessian build,
Of which 'tis said, 'they builded better than they killed');
Of this we thought, that bright June day
When, over the mountains, far away,
Our peaceful party entered Luray.

* * * * *

The Luray Caves.

It is not proposed, in prose or rhyme,
To tell of the Caves; I've not the time.
Between you and me (don't speak of it pray)
Of adjectives I lack, to clothe Luray.
Of its wonderful caverns, no pen can trace
The intricate lines; their beauty, and grace.
The brush of the artist cannot portray
A heavenly scene with earthly clay.
But we saw of its beauty that bright June day
When, over the mountains, far away,
Our peaceful party entered Luray.

*"Light Horse Harry" Lee, of the Revolution.

Amor te Salutat.

(Acrostic.)

Erato, hither bring thy lyre, and thou
Mnemosyne, do thou attune each string.
Incline thine ear! On whom she honor would bestow,
Love to their nuptials bids thee bring
Your sweetest, most melodious song.

Orpheus, of thy lyre hast need. Eurydice—
Such faithful lovers to approve—
Can for a time dispense thy ecstasy;—
Away! and sing (the mortal strains above)
"Rejoice! Rejoice! Love crowns the choice."

To E—A—A.

(Acrostic.)

All love, all honor crown thee!
Nor radiant gem, or jewel rare,
Nor costly robe or flowers fair—
Endureth for a space;
The diadem thy brow doth grace—
Thy womanhood—doth so outshine
Ephemeral fancies, all else were pygmean.

To a Bride and Groom.

(Acrostic.)

An humble offering, a gift I bring.
Gold give I not, nor silver, curious wrought,
Nor jewel rare; simply a wish, a thought.
Upon this happiest of days—for thee,
So may it prove, unto eternity,
Love shall thy pathway strew.
Ever present happiness, ever absent sorrow,
So wish I thee today; tomorrow.
Each day some new found joy bestowed, until,
Resting in Him, thou'lt find the measure full.

Winfield Scott Schley,

The Hero of Santiago Bay.

NOTE: Sung by Dr. B. Merrill Hopkinson, at the banquet tendered to Admiral Schley by the State of Maryland, at the Hotel Rennert, February 28, 1899.

(Tune: Maryland, My Maryland.)

A cup, a cup, a beaker full
Maryland, My Maryland;
A toast, a toast, with right good will,
Maryland, My Maryland;
To Sailor Schley, thy gallant son,
Who fought, and smote the haughty Don,
A Nation's heart doth thee enthrone,
Sailor Schley, of Maryland.

Assailed the flag—the flag of Key,
Mayland, My Maryland;
Resplendent then, his chivalry,
Maryland, My Maryland;
Who breathed with Key a kindred air;
Of Barney learned to do, and dare;
Nor doubts repel, nor fears deter,
Sailor Schley, of Maryland.

Of valiant heart; of modest breath,
Maryland, My Maryland;
A hero—earned the victor's wreath,
Maryland, My Maryland;

The battle o'er, behold him them!
Quick turns to share the laurels won;
'Tis he who cries "Well done, my men!"
Gallant Schley, of Maryland.

Then up, fill up! fill to the brim!
Maryland, My Maryland;
To Sailor Schley! now, with a vim!
Maryland, My Maryland;
A loyal friend—ask Greeley there!
A manly man, in peace, or war;
From truck to keel a gallant tar,
Sailor Schley of Maryland.

L. of C.

A Reminiscence.

A nightingale once—in generous mood,
To a little brown thrush sat by,
Poured out her soul in brightest song—
A wondrous melody;
And the little brown thrush, in gratitude
Bethought to make reply.
Then drooping his head, sadly said,
"What matters my song, to thine."

Sang the nightingale, so sweetly then
To the little brown thrush, her friend,
It is not thy notes, or mine I ween,
May count the most, in the end;
It is the heart whence flows the notes
That makes the song divine,
And your note, friend, response may find
Some soul may deny to mine.

* * * *

So sang the nightingale; is singing still,
Making her world more glad;
Doth she ever I wonder, think of the thrush
To whom she sang—of God?
And bade him, with notes the Maker gave,
On the hill-top, or in the vale,
To sing his best! since 'tis all He asks
Of the thrush or the nightingale.

Welcome, the Baltimore!

NOTE: Written on the occasion of the Cruiser's visit to Baltimore, May, 1890.

Welcome O Ship! our Baltimore!
And welcome, Schley, our gallant commodore.
Welcome thy crew—the manly tars,
Brave defenders of the Stripes and Stars—
Thrice welcome all.
Within the shadow of McHenry's site,
Where thro' the darkest hours of night
Floated the ensign loved so well
By Armistead and Key, and heroes fell
In its defense;
Here in the waters then set free,
We welcome thee with "three times three,"
And bid thee, for the name you bear,
And for that flag still waving there,
Ne'er let one star grow dim.
From stem to stern thy plates of steel
And molten ribs a strength reveal
Well fit to stand before the shock
Of battled host; or e'en to mock
Of ocean's fury;
Yet 'tis within, where dwells the patriot heart
And where each man performs a manly part
That chiefest strength must lie; for woe betide
That ship a craven soul doth hide;
That only shows an *outward* glory.

So let it be said of thee, O ship, O crew,
Here in thy home, with honors thick and new
Crowding upon thee; that come what may,
At home, abroad, in peace or fray,
E'er did'st thou do thy duty.
So shalt thou an honor prove,
Where'er thy flag shall wave;
So proud shall this people be—
Watching thy course on every sea—
Thou bear'st our name.

Our Baltimore,

Or: God Speed and Welcome Home.

NOTE: Sung by Col. J. Frank Supplee on the occasion of the formal presentation—through Secretary of the Navy Tracey,| of a service of silver to the Cruiser Baltimore, May 20, 1892.

(Tune: My Maryland.)

A pledge to thee, a pledge to thee,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!
A bumper full and flowing free,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!
Where'er thy keel shall kiss the sea,
Where floats the flag of Schley and Key,
Our hearts we pledge, our faith to thee,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!

In pledging thee a "loving cup,"
Baltimore, our Baltimore!
We pledge to thee full measured up,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!
A loyalty the graver's art
Could ne'er portray or pen impart;
'Tis shrined within each patriot heart,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!

In naming thee, O ship, thy name,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!
The glory shall be ours, the fame,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!

For well we know thy manly tars
Will e'er defend the Stripes and Stars,
Till sinks beneath the wave thy spars,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!

So, here's to thee, O gallant ship,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!
As passed the cup from lip to lip,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!
Where'er thy stem shall proudly turn,
'Mid scenes of peace or war's alarm,
We pledge, "God speed and welcome home,"
Baltimore, our Baltimore!

Macirema to Schley.

Acrostic.

Not with the blast of the trumpet,
And the fan-fare of the drum;
Couch we instead "Welcome art thou
In the heart of a Maryland home."
Rich is the chaplet we offer—flowers
Erstwhile thy coming wert born;
Meet for thy coming, (of parting no word)
And blooming, thro' night unto morn.

The flowers we offer, are friendship;
Of love in its highest aspire;
Such love as from brother to brother,
Cherished, and warmed of desire.
Home-like the greeting, of home ever telling,
Lo, thou art here, 'tis not for a day;
Enfant d'Republique! we love, we adopt thee,
You come, you remain; are of us alway.

Baltimore, June 15, 1899.

Cock Robin—Modernized.

Who won the fight?
"I," said bold Sampson; I laid the plan,
Then down the coast ten miles I ran—
To fool the Dons; I won the fight."

Who won the fight?
Said modest Schley, "I saw them run;
Then were the ships sunk one by one,
By the Man behind the gun; He won the fight."

Our Hero Guest.

NOTE: Written on the occasion of the reception to Captain N. M. Dyer, of the Cruiser Baltimore, after the Victory of Manilla Bay.

Hail to our guest—a seaman brave,
Maryland, My Maryland;
Whose shotted guns the message gave,
Maryland, My Maryland;
In thunderous tones, and o'er again—
While hurtling shell didst fall like rain,
How well remembered was the Maine
Off Luzon's Isle, My Maryland.

A gallant ship, a gallant crew,
Maryland, My Maryland;
Was thine that day, and Captain too,
Maryland, My Maryland;
A Yankee tar (we claim him son)
Who knows no State, but duty done,
Thy galaxy of stars O Flag, as one,
Flag of Key; of Maryland.

"Lead thou the van"—the signal came,
"Baltimore"—Our Baltimore;
Her answer sped—a sheet of flame,
Baltimore, Our Baltimore;
And where she led, they followed on,
The bridge, the deck, in unison,
True hearts, and brave—American!
One and all, American.

Our Hero Guest.

A pledge to thee; O gallant ship,
Baltimore, Our Baltimore;
And here's to thee, our guest "Hip-hip,
In Baltimore, Our Baltimore;
Hast well preserved an honored name,
New lustre wrought, unto her fame;
Now, three times three, with one acclaim,
Our hero guest! of Maryland.

A Prediction Verified.

NOTE: The first of the following verses is from the song "Our Baltimore," written in 1892,

(1892.)

In naming thee, O ship, thy name,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!
The glory shall be ours, the fame
Baltimore, our Baltimore!
For well we know thy gallant tars,
Will e'er defend the Stripes and Stars,
Till sinks beneath the wave thy spars,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!

(1898.)

The prophecy thou has maintained,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!
The honor of thy name sustained,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!
The flag of Key, by Dewey borne,
Floats proudly still at "early dawn,"
Thou hast avenged the gallant Maine,
Baltimore, our Baltimore!

The "Mud Battle."

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

NOTE: The Army of the Potomac, after its repulse at Fredericksburg, attempted a movement above the town, but a most terrific rain ensued, completely stalling the troops, who could only move at all by building corduroy roads. The movement was ever afterwards known as "Burnside's Stick-in-the-Mud." The Confederates, observing the situation, made much fun over it.

Mud to the right of them,
Mud to the left of them,
Thro' mud in front of them
They wallowed and floundered.
Theirs not to reason why,
Their not to make reply,
Theirs to obey; and try;
If some one *had* blundered.
Theirs was a sorry plight,
When in the dead of night
In mud most out of sight—
A queer sort of cuirass;
When, to flank "Johnnie Reb"
Stuck fast in mud were they; a web,
Spun by J. Pluvious.
Night and day the rain came down,
Threatening all hands to drown,
Still did the trees crack; and groan.
Miles built they of corduroy—
All who could an axe employ;
Timber enough for the walls of Troy
Felled they; that day.

Horses reared, snorted, neighed;
Mules kicked, bucked and brayed;
Men shouted, swore and prayed
There by the river;
All were of a color then,
The on-foot or mounted men,
Not much of "blue" was seen,
But mud; mud all over.
Seing how it was with us
"Johnnie Reb" grew hilarious,
While our boys, more furious—
Kept thus at bay.
Loth to give up were they,
None could doubt their bravery;
Battled against Fate's decree
While of hope was a ray.
Struggled then gallantly,
If hopelessly, wretchedly,
Never yet sullenly
Those brave "Boys in Blue;"
Till, all of hope faded,
Back to camp, tired and jaded,
By mud alone conquered,
They sadly withdrew.

* * * *

So endeth a story
Of war, without glory,
Some may have thought;
And yet, never men battled
Where guns roared and rattled,
More gallantly wrought;
Than when, in the mire,
Without food, without fire,
The "Mud Battle" was fought.

An Idyll of Gray Gables.

(Respectfully dedicated to Miss Ruth Cleveland.)

Under the gables gray,
The Bluebird pipes his morning lay.
Under the lattice, guarded close
By trailing vine and blushing rose;
Like a sigh among the trees
So gently swaying in the breeze
That laughing ventures o'er the bay;
Vieing with the music springing
From the snow crowned breakers
Tumbling over, over, as in play;
Whisp'ring, rippling, murm'ring, cooing,
Come the notes of tend'rest wooing—
"Ruth—Ruth! Ruth—Ruth! Ruth—Ruth!"
Under the gables gray.

Night falls. The gables gray
Look grayer still, as fades the day.
Hushed is the Bluebird's song,
Nor bee is seen the flowers among.
The low of kine, the tinkling bell
That marks their passing down the dell,
And deep'ning shadows, one by one,
Doth tell the day is done;
While, though pulsing still against the shore
The very breakers seem to guard
The quiet of the evening hour.
The cricket now doth own thy sway
"Baby Ruth;" and chirrups softly
Under the gables gray.

June 30, 1893.

God Reigns.

In Memoriam—Maltbie Davenport Babcock.

He was a man.
A leader of men, his work was wrought
With but a single thought.
For him, between the good, and ill,
'Tween wrong, and right, there ne'er abode,
Nor could there be, a middle road;
His only guide, his Master's will.
Christ the exemplar, the pattern of his life,
"In His Name"—his watchword in the strife—
Would only end with death.
A death, akin "the swinging of a door
To pass from room to room," no more,
Since life is but a breath.
He counted it—he for whom we grieve,
Life was but a span; a day in which to live
As if no other day would come.
His motto, "Do it now!" was never put aside
To wait again the turning of the tide;
Some star in heaven's dome.
We grieve. 'Tis true, and yet
Why, so soon, should we forget
The lesson that he taught,
Who counted death only a stepping stone
Into "the life;" the cross before the crown;
Are all his words but naught?
We who loved him, are we to now rebel
Against God's will, and murmuring, tell

His teaching was in vain?
Or, shall we, like him, beyond the tomb,
Beyond the present darkness, and the gloom,
Count not the cost, only the gain?
As falleth the sparrow, so he fell.
Are we to question? God doeth all things well;
God still doth reign.

Sowing the Seed.

A handful of corn. Do you think, have you thought
Of the wonderful Providence the change hath wrought
From the one little seed planted only last year
To the gathering in, the full corn in the ear?
Only one little kernel; yet it flourished and grew,
In God's sunshine and rain—to its nature proved true—
Until, in its time, as the harvest drew near,
It blossomed and bloomed; the full corn in the ear.
With its tassels of gold, the silvery sheen
That circles it round, its fringes of green,
How delighted the eye, as the reapers behold
The wealth of the gath'ring, its treasure untold;
Forgetting the toil in the pleasure of gain,
The handful of corn from the one little grain.
Only one little word. Do you think, have you thought,
Of the wonderful harvest a word hath oft wrought?
Will not you, as His child, be careful to give
To the least of God's creatures full measure of love;
Watering each seed—the fruit of your heart—
From the wellspring of kindness, and bid it depart
On its errrand of mercy in the field of earth's strife,
To cheer up some fainting one battling for life?
Will you guard God's "acre" and free it from tares;
Uproot each foul weed, each sin that ensnares;
Of envy and malice, of all that's not true,
And do unto others as you would they to you?
Dear little harvesters, who will reap as you sow,
Remember, 'tis seed time, *not always*, but *now;*
Remember, in sowing the grain that's been given
Shall come the full ear, in the garner of Heaven;
That 'twill blossom and bloom, if freed from sin's thorn,
From the one little kernel, the handful of corn.

Memorial Day.

"Nor greater love than this" said One,
"Hath no man, that he his life lay down
For fellow man." And here they lie—
Our comrades, this greater love hath shown.
Ask ye, why strew their graves with flowers?
Ask, why God, who watches over all things,
Sends down to earth refreshing showers
To bid them bud, and bloom again;
By their blest presence to fragrance shed
Through all the earth, and by their lives
Example give, of loyalty to self, and God.

Love, and affection to flowers are kin.
In the sunshine of God's providence
As flowers their bloom renew, so we—
Are seedlings of His hand, admonished are
Of what is due to kind remembrance.
'Tis not enough to bury here our dead;
They are not like some great stone
Which, from the mountain height o'erhead
Comes tumbling down, and down
Until, amidst the thorns and briars
It lies forgotten, and alone.

From immemorial time the victor's wreath
Hath crowned the living hero.
Are they not victors too, who fought, and died,
Because forsooth—the battle o'er—

'Tis theirs to sleep beneath the sod,
Nor wake to hear the deaf'ning roar
Greeting the living; they on the other shore?
Whose was the sacrifice? Whose the gain?
And shall we then the less loving be
Than they their lives laid down, for victory?
From mountain height, across the plain,
From lake to gulf, the ocean's span;
Where'er The Flag they loved doth wave,
From loyal hearts the answer comes,
Never while life and memory reign
Shall they forgotten be. Amen.

Tonight.

(A Song.)

I'll sing to thee darling, O darling tonight,
When the moon 'cross the snow sheds gleamings of light;
When all seems dark to thy weary heart
And thine eyes grow dim as the tear drops start;
Thy burdens forgot, as my song doth requite,
I'll sing to thee softly, my darling, tonight.

I'll play for thee darling, O darling, tonight,
Sweet mem'ries awaken in dreams of delight;
The keys of thy heart shall respond to my call
As the notes on thine ear shall echoing fall;
Thy pleadings my soul hath caught in their flight,
I'll play for thee darling, my darling, tonight.

I'll speak to thee darling, O darling, tonight,
Soft whisp'rings of love on thine ear shall alight.
That hope at the helm, with faith for thy guide,
Nor storm to affright thee, nor sorrow betide,
So may'st thy life's barque ever compass'd aright
So speak I to thee darling, my darling, tonight.

I'll pray for thee, darling, O darling, tonight,
My prayers to ascend to the regions of light;
While the stars far above their watches are keeping,
Grow weary mayhap, of watching and peeping,
I'll pray that *thy* spirit with *mine* may unite;
Let us pray then together, my darling, tonight.

No Thoroughfare.

(Dedicated to the Corporation.)

"Most potent, grave and reverend seigniors,"
Ye who run this noble borough,
That I have climbed to Chimney Rock,
It is most true;
But Sirs, the way I very much did rue,
And, it doth strike me, there be others too
Hath broken the command "Thou shalt not swear,"
Concerning your "No Thoroughfare."
Sirs, perhaps to you it may seem ill
That I, a mere sojourner,
Aught of advice should proffer;
Yet, as I *have* climbed the hill,
(And conscience still doth suffer)
I say, and deem it not too bold,
Since even babes and sucklings we are told,
Some wisdom have acquired;
I say, it seems to me ye are *too tired*
Perhaps, to wear your glory crown;
In fact, its light art fain to hide
By barring up the mountain side.
Sirs, most humbly would I counsel Thee,
(In thy cause, O beauteous vale, Monocacy)
Away with bramble, briar and brake,
Give us a pathway please, and make
A journey up the mount a pleasure;
So shall thy fellow man, and woman too,
Of praise give thee full measure,
And visitors, instead of hieing to confession,
Will wish for thee—Lifelong commission.

Boys, Go Slow.

NOTE: "We 'uns and you 'uns"—the old army term as applied to Union and Confederate soldiers.

Steady, my boy, steady!
Th' honor o' ol' Glory's safe, I reck'n,
An' if yer don't b'lieve me,
Jus' keep yer eye on the Cap'n.*
In '61, when men met men,
He wuz one o' our "Boys," yer know—
He who's hand is on ther helm;
Reck'n he don't fear no "Spanish" row.
"Honor ol' Glory," yer say.
Mebbe yer think he don't hold dear
Th' flag wuz bathed in brothers' blood;
Wuz wet with many a woman's tear.
Son, louder 'n th' shriek o' fife,
Or roll o' drum, th' clash o' steel
Or cannon's roar; aye, ev'n o'er th'
Shout o' vict'ry the Cap'n hears
Th' orphans' cry, the widders' moan,
An'—long o' him—we, too, jus' pray
No idle word may plunge us
Int' no unrighteous fray.
I tell yer, boy, 'taint no pag'antry o' war,
Gay trappin's, music and prancin' steeds,
Glitt'rin' arms and gal's eyes
As we look at. We've b'en thar!
Many a year ago, fur sure, but

Boys, Go Slow.

Time don't count with mem'ries
Like them! Some things we can't forget.
    Four years we marched, an' fought,
An' killed—aye, boy, an' killed!
Laid homes desolate, an' waste, all
    Under th' ol' flag you now says
It's honor is at stake. Well, we know,
I reck'n, as much 'bout that as you,
    An' so we says, "Boys, go slow!"
Don't need no chip on our shoulder,
    I take it, to prove our grit;
Gettysburg is too close by, an' so's
Antietam, to say nuthin' o' Shiloh
An' lots more places, too num'rous
    T' mention; but I tell you, son,
Th' widder an' th' orphan aint done
Cryin' yet! an' as fur graves,
We got a plenty to keep green; so,
We repeats it, boy, jus' you keep an
    Eye on the Cap'n, an go slow.
If he says so, strike! an' strike hard!
An' some o' "we 'uns an' you 'uns," I reck'n,
Will jine ye. That so, ol' pard?

*President McKinley.

Edgar Allan Poe.

(Dedicated to Sara Sigourney Rice.)

The man is a profligate sensualist,
The man's life a reckless debauch, you insist;
Let the man's life be all that you will, I appeal
The man's work is immortal—behold it and kneel!

—*Owen Meredith.*

O slumb'ring dead, who living seemed
For fickle fortune destined special prey;
A football, plaything, to please or mock
As chose her varied fancy; a favorite of a day;
Living, thy friends (O poor humanity) how few
Were they who didst believe, confide in thee;
Dead; Thine enemy would'st even strive
To more than slay; to rob thy memory.

Thy faults! Who has them not?
To thee O charity, I would their keeping give;
The grave should hide the mortal man alone,
Immortal genius, pure, unsullied live.
O man, dost make thyself a God,
To judge of souls with thy poor, feeble mind?
Judge ye thyself alone; let others rest;
Leave souls to Him, the maker of mankind.

Justice, though late oft times, is never dead;
Sleeping mayhap, she yet awakes at last
And, like a giant roused, refreshed,
O'er rakes the ashes of the living past.

As in the crucible the gold remains,
So from justice' eyes flees e'er the dross
Of calumnies foul tale, leaving naught
Of its late presence; or its loss.

To thee O city of his birth, and death;
Who knew him, loved him for that better part,
Thy tribute (unpretentious though it be)
Does honor to thy mind, and heart.
And thou O woman! 'Twas thy fitting task
To clear from stain his genius evermore
Who from kind Heaven smiles on thee,
As stands he by his "Lost Lenore."

The Sham Battle.

At Pimlico, in the mud and rain,
The boys they "cut and come again,"
While the band played "Maryland, my Maryland."
Brave Paine was there—as gallant Sam,
And Gibson, as Stricker, who didn't care a ——
Picayune for all the crowd who came that day
When Cockburn swore so recklessly,
As he sailed up Ches'peake bay.
Wardwell was there, and Love and 'Kenny White,
My Maryland's proud quota, and gun and sabre bright;
With Wilmer, Woolford, Carpenter and brave Magee,
Nulton, too, and Livingston and chivalrous Pearre.
The Old Dominion sent her men,
As she did in days gone by,
Side by side with the boys from Del. and Penn.,
Resolved to do or die.

* * * * * * *

"And what of the foe who so vauntingly swore
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?"
Gaither was there—a redoubtable Brook—
And Marshall and Moore and Crim;
Turnbull and Oyster and Waters there,
And Stokes and Supplee, neat and trim.
Boykin and Riggs and Carey and Gray,
And Dalton and gallant Brown;
And the Eagle skrieked and the Lion roared,
E'en while the rain poured down.

The Sham Battle.

Bravely the red-coats fought and fell,
And who will say me nay
That they wasted more powder than e'er did Ross?
In *his* battle down the bay.
But, as it was ordered, they fought and ran,
And the Lion roared in vain;
And the Eagle shrieked, at Pimlico,
As the boys marched home again.

Baltimore September 12, 1889.

In Memoriam.

(Written on the death of John L. Thomas, Esq.)

Autum leaves are falling, falling,
Radient-hued, to earth returning.
Life; death; 'tis but a span;
But O how beautiful the transition;
The bud—the promise; full fruiton.
Why should we mourn?
Did not thy life the earth adorn?
Shall not the tree again put forth
Its bud and bloom in glad new birth?
T'is meet, indeed, to drop a tear
Over the bier;
But there be tears of sorrow, and of joy,
And of a life, O friend, like thine,
Wherein was naught of dross, or base alloy,
Such lessons do we learn
How best to serve our kin,
That in the joy that thou hast been,
And in the thought thou shall His glory see
Whose precepts were thy guide,
Lost is Death's sting, the grave its victory.

How Sleep the Brave.

How sleep these brave ?
Why, o'er yon lowly grave
Strew we these flowers?
Why, of all these silent dead,
Above whose forms we lightly tread,
Why call we them alone, ours?
Why plant we, on their resting place,
(Whom from our hearts naught can efface)
The flag we love so well?
Are they of kindred so dear
That, with each recurring year
On them alone our memories dwell?
Nay; yet in our hearts they live,
Commanding honors we are prone to give
Alone to them;
Aye, honored are they, and e'er will be
While floats yon flag—emblem of the free,
A Nation's diadem.

Ours? Are they ours, or we theirs?
Turn thou a moment from other cares
And thoughts, the query ponder.
Consider the service each the other gave;
Either the creditor's here, or in yon grave;
Cans't say the debtor's yonder?
Some fought with the pride of youth;
Others, with firm conviction of the truth

That Right must e'er prevail.
One common thought possessed them all—
The thought no foe nor danger can appal,
Nor yet successfully assail.
Love of country. Can'st gauge the power
Before which true men bow, and traitor's cower;
This was *their* armor bright;
Of such their love, and truth and faith—
They who lie here; who met death,
Rather than Might should conquer Right.

My Maryland.

A Song of Triumph.

(Air—"Maryland, My Maryland.")

(1776.)

When first thy soil invaders trod,
Maryland, My Maryland;
Their blood outpoured upon the sod,
Maryland, My Maryland;
Thy sons a heritage bequeathed,
(None fairer hath the world achieved),
And sons of sons thy name hath breathed,
Lovingly, "My Maryland."

(1812.)

Nor quenched the light upon thy shore,
Maryland, My Maryland;
When Cockburn's guns did belch and roar,
Maryland, My Maryland;
The Briton's steel with steel was met,
McHenry's flag gleamed brighter yet
As fled the foe—with sail full set—
Maryland, My Maryland.

(1861.)

Dear Maryland! thou sore wert tried,
Maryland, My Maryland;
When brothers warred—in all their pride,
Maryland, My Maryland;

A mother's grief possessed thee then,
A mother's love, for sons were slain;
They died, but honor didst retain!
Maryland, My Maryland.

(1896.)

And once again, yea, even now,
Maryland, My Maryland;
A garland fair doth deck thy brow,
Maryland, My Maryland*
Behold the victory peace hath wrought!
(Nor less renowned, with ballots fought)
God bless thy choice, thy wisdom sought,
Maryland, My Maryland.

*Voted for the Gold standard.

Love is Ever Young.

"Little Boy," my wee wife called me,
Long, long years ago;
A bearded boy, e'en then, I do assure thee,
Long, long years ago;
And some folks smiled to hear such greeting,
As she, upon her tip-toes meeting
The kiss I gave her ever welcoming,
Called me, her "Little Boy."

Years ago? Aye, but just how many, or few,
I do not choose to say.
Time enough howe'er, some power, 'tis true,
Raven locks have turned to gray.
Enough, to say our "bairns" have grown
Until, into their eyes—when met her own—
Wee-wife looks up, while they look down;
Still, "Little Boy" she calls me.

The years have brought both joy and sorrow,
As we traveled on;
Clouds today, and sunshine on the morrow,
As we traveled on;
What matter if, along with love's caresses
Come furrowed brows? and silvered tresses?
Winter strips the trees of Springtime dresses,
Yet are they donned again.

Love is Ever Young.

We have had our stress of pain,
As we traveled on;
Submissive, to the Power didst so ordain,
As we traveled on.
Not forgot, the pain, and sorrowing,
But, from love full measure borrowing;
Hand in hand makes pleasant journeying
As we travel on.

Accounting time in truest measure,
As we travel on;
Time to love—life's best treasure,
As we travel on;
No older are we now, than when
Callow youth was I, and she a maiden;—
Time keeps no score with Love, I reckon,
Love is ever young.

Christmas.

What more pleasant at Christmas tide
Than thoughts of our own bright youth ;
When our stockings we hung at chimney side,
And Saint Nick was no myth, forsooth.
As we thought then, our child thinks now,
We but change places with them ;
The wisdom of youth is but folly, I know,
But more so, man's "might have been."
'Twere folly, indeed, if age brings naught
But a temper soured with care ;
No tender chord for the past, but fraught
With the present alone ; of self only aware.
Our children's joys should be our own ;
Of sorrow too soon will they taste the sting ;
Let them sip of the pleasures we have known ;
Old age may weep, but youth should sing.
Then let us not forget, my friend,
That Christmas tide is near ;
And forget not, too, to make amend
To Him who loves them dear ;
Who tells us of His Kingdom, they,
These children whom we love,
On whom, while in His arms, did pray
His Father's blessing from above.

* * * * * *

Then hang up your stocking, little one,
For Santa Claus is near ;
While you're asleep his work is done,

And well done, too, once in each year.
He knows just what to give you, too,
Isn't it strange? you say;
How to replace old toys with new;
I guess he was a boy himself, one day.
Perhaps he heard you tell mamma
What you would like this year;
If so, I'm sure she told papa,
And then you'll get it, never fear.
For Santa Claus, I'm very, very sure,
Loves all you children, the good, the best;
He brings his gifts to rich and poor,
And greets them all with a merry jest.
With a bound and hop up he pops
The chimney stack while you're asleep;
Fills each little sock, and never stops,
That all may laugh, that none may weep.
So hang up your stockings, little one,
For Santa Claus is near;
When you awake, his work is done;
He will bring you all good cheer.

The Tot,

Who Sucks His Thumb.

(Song.)

Did you ever know a little tot
Who howled with all his might;
Whom nothing you could do would please
If "Ma" was out of sight;
Have you tried your level best in vain,
Till you were tired and glum,
To soothe that chap who never learned
To substitute his thumb.

CHORUS.

Soothing syrup, patent food,
Sugar coated pills;
Homeopath or Allopath
Castor oil or squills;
Paregoric, roots or herbs,
When they are troublesome,
They all get dosed but Pap's own boy—
The tot who sucks his thumb.

You may try to coax the little man,
May let him pull your hair,
Or for your "tootsy wootsy" boy
Play kangaroo or bear;
You may let him "see ze w'eels go wound"
Or bang upon the drum;
He'll yell for mamma all the while
Unless he sucks his thumb.—CHO.

You may talk about your cure-for-all's,
It is a pleasant dream;
We see 'em posted everywhere,
An advertising stream;
Of all the ills the babe is heir
They may be good for some,
But while he's waiting for his Ma,
There's nothing like his thumb.—Cho.

The Veterans' Pledge.

(Tune: Red, White and Blue.)

Columbia, thy children are calling,
Are calling from hillside and plain,
The voice of the nation out-ringing,
"Avenge thee, avenge thee the Maine!"
Bereft of their lives without warning,
Our brothers, so gallant and true,
"Arouse thee!" the cry, and "Avenge them!"
Who died for the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.

Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue, &c.

Our Comrade—thou Head of the Nation,
We love thee, thy station revere;
We pledge thee a steadfast devotion,
Thro' trials thou'rt called on to bear.
Thou knowest of old "The Grand Army,"
Who e'er to their colors proved true,
We counsel not war, but are ready
To die for the Red, White and Blue.—CHO.

A country united we pledge thee,
We pledge thee "The Blue" and "The Gray,"
The West and the East, the proud Southland,
The Northmen we pledge thee for aye.
One heart and one hand we thee offer,
While here we our pledge now renew,
Our fealty, Columbia, forever;
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.—CHO.

Goodness Never Dies.

Suggested by the tablet In Memoriam to Mrs. Isabella Brown.

Within God's house, upon the wall
I saw a tablet—white, and pure,
And graved thereon (translated)
"Her life's work doth endure."
I closed mine eyes; and blotted out
Were words, and marble; riven
And crumbled to dust; naught remained
Of tribute man had'st given.
And yet again (as in a dream) beheld
I then the record—white, and pure,
Upheld by angels, in a Book of Gold,
"Her life's work doth endure."

* * *

Perished are the things of earth.
In the balance—God's scale—
Goodness outweighs a Crœsus' wealth.
Riches, and power of naught avail
When, with the record thou hast made,
Thou comest to thy last abode.
Well, well shall it be with thee
If there be writ "Little had he,
But what he had, he gave to God."

Forward! Comrades.

(Tune: "Onward Christian Soldier,")

Forward! Comrades, forward,
Marching as of yore,
With "Old Glory" waving
Ever, as before;
Elbow touching elbow,
As the years roll on;
Comradeship ne'er failing,
Love the stronger grown.

CHORUS.

Forward, Comrades, &c.

Forward, was our motto,
Onward, ever on,
Where the path of duty
Called for val'rous men;
Where our standard, waving,
Glistened in the sun,
Lighting up the darkness,
When the way seemed vain.—CHO.

Men, who fought, and conquered,
The goal—a Nation's life;
Courage never falt'ring,
Waging noble strife;

Forward! Comrades.

Comrades, brave and loyal,
Comrades ever true,
One in heart, and purpose,
We were "Boys in Blue."—Cho.

Crowned at last with vict'ry,
We are home once more;
Brothers, reunited,
Ne'er again to war;
Side by side now standing,
They who' dare, beware!
'Ware the Eagle's talons!
Touch not stripe, nor star!—Cho.

We are in the gloaming,
Waiting dawn of day,
To join our Comrades yonder
Fearing not the way;
Where the Great Commander,
Still will lead us on,
Saying "Comrades, forward!
Welcome 'Boys,' well done!"—Cho.

Our First Born.

How is't my step's more light,
And eye more bright than wont to be,
Is that your question?
Ah, then, you've not heard the news,
Or surely, you'd not ask, but know
The reason.
We've a new joy, little mother and I,
A *little* one, surely, but then you know,
It fills our hearts.
The cup was full—between us two—before,
And so, ever so little was quite enough
To run it over.
We've not many riches, little mother and I,
But—between you and me—riches are less
Than this new joy.
'Tis singular, mayhap, but yet 'tis true,
With every day it creeps closer in—
Between us two.
Oh, you guess what it is, do you?
Well, then, there's no need to tell,
But I will say, that mother, and baby
Are both very well.

Firemen, Well Done!

(Dedicated to the Baltimore Fire Department.)

A cheerless night. The rain,
Driven by the wind, beats fitfully
On roof, and window pane.
Streets are deserted, save here and there
Some flitting figure that,
Breasting the storm in busied care
Which brooks not of delay,
Doth shelter still forbear.

The lights are dim; fiercer the blast.
Tangled, and twisted by the gale,
The clustered wires (like angry harp
Whose strings some mighty hand doth smite)
Give forth a wail the air doth fright,
And then, upon the darkness of the night
An hundred spears of light;
Striving for mastery.

On sweep the flames.
Fed by the wind, (a giant bellows)
They higher, higher rise,
Illumining the skies,
While myriad shoots—madly afright,
Displace the stars of night.

Hark! From out the walls
Which yonder lie, what cry is that appals?
"The jail! The jail's on fire!"
Five hundred souls are there;

What should it prove their funeral pyre?
Imprisoned, barred with lock and key,
O God! and can it be
'Tis thus they're doomed to die?

Hail! noble hearts, 'twas bravely done.
Thro' fire, and smoke, as stroke on stroke
Proclaims of victory won;
No thought of *self* didst dominate,
Thine arms to enervate.

Blow on blow. The ponderous lock,
Nor bolt or bar survive the shock.
Before the axe wide flies each door,
Out from their prison cell they pour,—
God's children, all,
If even so some knew him not,
In that dread hour.

Frenzied of fear, some call His name,
As nearer rolls the seething flame
That threatens them with death;
Heart-rending cries, to God, and man;
Prayers; curses; pandemonium.
Blow on blow; still on, and on—
While yet remains imprisoned one—
While yet thy chief* (in foulest canopy)
Falls prone, bereft of sensibility;
On, and on, still on ye pressed
Till all (save one) the holocaust
Doth 'scape, and he—
Blinded of fate, leaps to—eternity.

* * * *

Thank God! And ye, O noble souls,
Who know not *self*, when danger calls;
Thank God, thy heart thy arm doth nerve
To manly deeds—thy fellows so to serve.
Firemen, well done!

*Assistant Chief Dunn.

The Kirk-Yard.

The gate ajar, I entered,
And, standing within the Kirk-yard
And 'neath a broad spread oak
Had sheltered many who,
From following some had passed beyond,
Came once again, unknowingly,
To such sweet place of rest,
I gazed about me.
Upon the highest mound, and rich
In all the lavish treasure of the sculptors art;
Graved deep, line upon line
Telling of him who slept beneath;
Of the coming, and the parting, death;
Of birth, and ancestry;
The life which, (if *no lie* be told)
Had much contained all men might emulate:—
There stood a monument.
The while I gazed,
With faltering step, and deep humility,
Another came; and—nor pausing
One poor glance even to bestow
Toward the spot had caught my fancy—
Passed on, and on, until
(I knew not why my sight seemed so enchained)
I saw her reach a lowly mound
And kneeling, with feeble, loving hand
Didst turn aside a creeping vine

Hadst all but covered one dear name.
Lingering, I scarce knew why—
Except respect to such a presence—
Aside *her* footsteps turned,
I too didst kneel beside the mound;
Reverently, with tender touch I turned aside
The lowly vine, and read—
'Twas fashioned homely there—
"Loving God, He Lived, and Died."

The Bivouac.

'Tis night. The 'battled host,
Wearied, footsore, in sleep is lost.
All save the guard, who, the smouldering
Watch fires gathered round,
Are silent all, to catch each sound.
Long and toilsome hath been the way,
Doubly welcome the close of day;
And 'morrow's dawn, albeit so near
Is yet far off—to him lies sleeping there.
Sleeping, dreams he of home, and friends,
Of those he loves; of peaceful ends.
Dreams mayhap, of war, a soldier's fame;
Glory; honor; death; shame.
Dreaming, he wakes to find it but a dream,
And sleeping, sleeps but to dream again.
Breaks on his ear—"Time for relief!"
O blest (or wretched) hour, how brief
Hath been thy passing—to him;
And yet, who is't could limn
With brush or pen, its history?
The fashioning of sleep's dark mystery?
So passes night; the only sound
The tramp of guard the camp around,
Or mayhap, the sentry's "Who goes there!"
Falling quick and sharp on the startled air,
As on and on adown the line—
Exchanging now and then the countersign—
Goes the relief; and then—
"All's well:" The camp doth sleep again.

Vive la Boys in Blue.

(Song.)

Let every old Veteran fill up his cup,
Vive la Boys in Blue;
Let the toast go round while we merrily sup,
Vive la Boys in Blue;
To the Stars and the Stripes! flag of the free;
Flag that with Sherman marched, triumphed o'er Lee;
Nailed to the mast, conquered at sea;
Flag of the Boys in Blue.

Our might was the Right as we struck ev'ry blow,
Vive la Boys in Blue;
Nor faltered till conquered we ev'ry armed foe,
Vive la Boys in Blue;
Till the Stars and the Bars, swept from the wave;
From the Lakes to the Gulf, freed ev'ry slave;
Thy stars "Old Glory," new lustre gave—
Flag of the Boys in Blue.

When their arms were laid down remembered we then,
Vive la Boys in Blue;
Our brothers of old were our brothers again,
Vive la Boys in Blue;
"With malice to none" then gave them our hand,
Who had loved them of yore, loving our land;
Foes never more; ever to stand
All of us Boys in Blue.

Then ev'ry old Veteran fill up his cup,
Vive la Boys in Blue;
Let the pledge go round as we cheerily sup,
Vive la Boys in Blue;
To the Stars and the Stripes! flag ever dear;
To the Union we saved! Lives we revere!
Maryland's Sons! join ye the cheer—
Flag of the Boys in Blue!

The Modern David.

(Political.)

The dearest spot on earth to me
    Is Hawaii, sweet Hawaii;
Its vine clad hills of emerald green,
Its deep blue sky, the silver sheen
Tossed high in air where breakers roll
    Against the cliffs; sweet music to my soul;
The song-birds' notes, set all attune
Like lovers' hearts in fond commune;
    I close mine eyes and sing to thee—
Thou dearest spot on earth to me;
    O Hawaii, dear Hawaii.

'Twas thus the modern David sang,
    Of Hawaii, fair Hawaii;
Ere yet—for him—King William's* mien
Entranced his sight; Nebraska rolled between;
Ere yet had'st learned another song,
    (The plaudits echoed, loud and long)
That as Prince, 'twas his to plead
'Gainst kingly bent, and royal greed;
    To William knelt, on bended knee
Didst sing "Take thou the crown O King! to thee
    I give my Hawaii, dear Hawaii."

*Wm. J. Bryan.

Boys of 'Sixty-One.

(Tune: "Marching thro' Georgia.")

Lift on high your glasses, boys, and clink
A merry chime,
Ring them with the spirit of the boys of
Olden time,
When gun and sabre turned the rhyme—
From 'sixty-one to five—
The grand old song "For the Union."

CHORUS.

Hip, hip! Hip, hip! We're boys of '61,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for victory well won,
Old Glory's stars undimmed now shine
From gulf to lake, and sea,
All keep step to the Union.

"Boys" they called us in the field, the "Boys
Who wore the Blue,"
And though our heads are silvered now, our
Hearts are young and true
As when "To arms!" the bugle blew—
Calling us away—
To march and fight for the Union.—CHO.

True, we're getting on in years, but—
Only just for fun—
We boys would like to take a whack, against
The Spanish Don,

We'll back Old Sammy—Blue and Gray,
Every mother's son—
To put Cuba's star in the Union.—Cho.

Our ranks are growing thinner boys,
Every passing year,
We'll soon be mustered out below, to
Join the boys up there!
All present and accounted for,
Comrades there, as here,
May God bless the grand old army.—Cho.

A Thought.

(Dedicated to My Life Companion.)

This the sadness: the thought
To wake some day, and in thy face
My best beloved, to mark the trace
Of lines as yet unknown;
Across the smoothness of thy brow—
Now white and pure as driven snow—
Behold a furrow age has sown;
As pressed thy hand in mine, to feel
Another than the wonted touch, the thrill
Is born of passing time. This the sadness.

This the gladness. The thought,
Tho' unto Him alone the volume of thy age,
To me is given to adorn each page
With added brightness;
Into thy daily life a memory infuse
Of loving care bestowed—lest night refuse
Its recompense of sweet repose.
So at the last, though furrows mar
Thy cheek, thy heart no impress bear,
Reflex of sorrow. This the gladness.

Old Defenders.

(Acrostic.)

O long to be remembered day.
Lost in the maze of recollection
Doth wonder that we stand apart?
Dead were thy faculties, O heart,
Ere we—the children of such sires,
Forgetting day, and deeds, could recreant prove to such
a trust.
Even as this day's bright sun
(Nearing its zenith in the heavens)
Doth mark a course well run,
Even so thy pathway—hero, sage,
Reflecting rays of patriotism, and truth,
Serves as a beacon light, to us of later day, and age.

The Wedding Bell.

Ring out, ring out, O Bell,
In tones so sweet that evermore
With her I love the memory shall dwell.
For thee, O love, all sorrows flown,
Like stars along life's pathway strewn,
May each concordant note foretell
Of joys alone, a blessed symphony.

Ring out, ring out, O Bell;
And may the silvery tongue
From my love's brow all clouds dispel.
And if perchance should clouds arise,
Or tear-drop mar the sunlight of thine eyes,
Then may some fairy hand, to break the spell,
Chime out the melody.

Welcome the Boys in Blue.

NOTE: Written on the occasion of the Grand Army of the Republic National Encampment in Baltimore, when Lee Camp, of Richmond, Va., were present by invitation.

Welcome the brave, the loyal and true;
Welcome the "Boys who wore the Blue;"
Welcome, survivors of many a fight;
Thrice welcome all who fought for the right.

In the days now long and happily passed,
On the side of the Union your fortunes ye cast;
With no thought save country marched to the field,
Determined to die, but never to yield.

In many a valley, on many a plain
Lie the bones of your comrades—the unfortunate slain;
They, honored in death; ye, honored in life,
Equal honor to all who fought in the strife.

Assembled once more in our peace loving land,
Our hearts beat responsive, hand clasp'd within hand;
Remembering, o'er all, Him to whom homage is due;
Ordained that the victory should rest with the Blue.

And last, but not least, we forget not the foe,
Whom we loved in our hearts, tho' our guns laid them low;
United again those who met in the fray,
Welcome all, all welcome, the Blue and the Gray.

Sweet Violets.

The flower thou gav'st to me is dead;
Yet does the memory linger still,
Sweet as the fragrance which it shed
When from thy fair hand—
And with a look did all my being thrill—
Thou gav'st it me.
Loving, thy gift and glance—like fairy wand—
Unlocked the door of deep despair
And bade them hence—the fears and doubts
Which did my heart possess,
And in their stead, forever sheltered there,
(Pity me, Love, if mind the heart deceived)
Welcomed I peace, joy, happiness.

Even Unto Death.

Con amor mio! look thou in mine eyes
And tell me—mirrored there
E'en as yon moon the lake inurned
    Reveals a radiance bright—
What dost thou there behold?
I would that thou should'st see, ora sempre,
Love's reflex, and in thine eyes, upturned,
    Rejoicing see a kindred light.
Close-pent, I would thy heart in mine enfold—
Enraptured love within each breast;—
Your arms about me close entwined,
In death, so would I seek eternal rest.

On the Battle Field.

A soldier, 'twas his to hear, and then, obey.
Of courage high, the path of duty plain,
'Twas his to fight; to fail, was to betray.
And here he lies; engrasped his hand
The standard he had loved, so nobly borne,
While comrades, 'round him, reverant stand.
Of pain his face no impress bears, but yet a smile
As if—when came Death's messenger, erewhile,
Beyond the pale of strife, the battle o'er,
A victor's wreath he saw, and heard a voice
Which hailed him "Conqueror."

Have Faith!

I bid you, have faith!
From the cradle to the grave 'twill stand
Thee, mortal, well in hand.
Faith in thyself, but paramount, of God,
Who gav'st thee life, and doth of thee demand
A full return of thine abode.
God plants the seed; the seed of human life;
Like the sunshine and the rain—to flowers,
Is it not so of human strife?
Not all of sunshine is our need,
Lest we, mayhap, become enervate;
But each, in turn, the sun and rain,
That we the hardier grow;—
Such be our fate.

L' Envoi.

Fugitives are they, caught and bound;
If in the reading some pleasure thou hast found,
Or perchance, suggestive thought
For good, not ill, then is my work well wrought.
An' thou wilt, say of them "They're very crude,
But honest," I will not hold thee rude;
"Lack erudition, not sentiment,"
Believe me, I'll thank you for the compliment.

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